The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 126. Vol. XXI. MARCH, 1902. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* March *will be noticed in the* April *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th April *in the* May *number.*

News Notes.

In presenting our readers with this special Scott number of The Bookman, we have to express our great indebtedness to the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, who has kindly allowed us to reproduce a number of the paintings in her possession at Abbotsford; to Mr. James L. Caw, of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, for his invaluable help and advice in the selection of the portraits; to Messrs. A. and C. Black, who have been good enough to permit us to make use of a number of pictures from "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett, which they are to issue in April, and from which, it will be seen, we have made several quotations; to Messrs. James Maclehose and Sons, and to Mr. George G. Napier, M.A., the author of "The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," for the right to reproduce several of the beautiful pictures in that work; to Messrs. T. and A. Constable for the loan of their valuable Catalogue of the Scott Centenary Exhibition, and especially to Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, who have most generously placed at our disposal the series of magnificent pictures with which they are illustrating their Edinburgh Waverley and the new *edition de luxe* of Lockhart's Life.

A MINIATURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

In the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

"A very good miniature of Sir Walter Scott, done at Bath, when he was in the fifth or sixth year of his age. The child appears with long, flowing hair, the colour a light chestnut; a deep open collar, and scarlet dress."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

The remarkable portrait of Scott by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., which is presented as a separate plate with this number, was recently produced for the first time by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack as a frontispiece to "Guy Mannering" in their Edinburgh Waverley. Owing to the position in which the portrait hangs at Abbotsford, and to the fact that it is fastened to the wall, it is impossible to photograph the whole picture, but, after considerable difficulty, a photograph was obtained of the head and shoulders.

THE SCOTT MONUMENT AT EDINBURGH, WITH A VIEW OF THE CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND.

The foundation-stone of the Monument was laid on the 15th August, 1840. The inauguration of the Monument when completed (at an expense of £15,650) was celebrated on the 15th August, 1846.

From a photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

The American publishers are trying a new and interesting experiment. With a view to helping the booksellers they are, in combination, about to raise the price of novels to the American book-buyer, who in future will have to pay $1.08 for the $1.50 book, instead of, as formerly, $1 or 98 cents, or even less. We wonder how he will like it, but even at $1.08 he will not be paying quite so much as his English cousin, who always pays 4s. 6d. for the 6s. book. Their success in making books other than fiction "nett" has encouraged the American publishers to extend their operations so as to cover the popular novel.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling are not expected back in England until the end of April. Mr. Doubleday, Mr. Kipling's American publisher, will be in England in April, and will probably spend two or three months in this country.

We hear that the American edition of "Kim" has had a larger sale than the English one, large though that was. Even in the land of "hundred thousand marks" "Kim" has held its own among the best selling books.

Signor Marconi's own story of his experiments and successes with wireless telegraphy will shortly be published in book form by McClure, Phillips and Co., of New York. Heretofore Signor Marconi has written little or nothing for publication, it being his often-expressed intention to say as little as possible of his work until he should have achieved substan-

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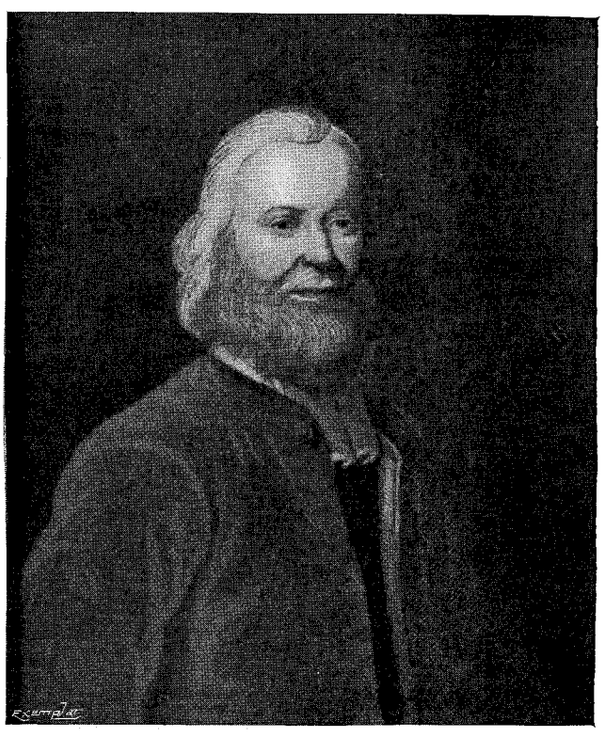
tial successes in the commercial transmission of messages. His book, which will be profusely illustrated, will give not only the first complete and authentic account of his own experiments, but it will also include a survey of the work of former investigators in the field of wireless telegraphy.

Mr. Quiller-Couch ("Q.") is writing a series of short stories for publication in the *Illustrated London News*.

Two at least of our most distinguished contributors have passed away within the last weeks. Professor A. B. Davidson, of Edinburgh, the distinguished Hebraist, died with extreme suddenness at his house on Sunday morning, January 26th. On the Friday he had lectured as usual to his class, and he had been working on Saturday at his edition of Isaiah in the Temple



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER, "BEARDIE."

"My father's grandfather was Walter Scott, well known in Teviotdale by the surname of *Beardie*. He was the second son of Walter Scott, first Laird of Raeburn, who was third son of Sir William Scott, and the grandson of Walter Scott, commonly called in tradition *Auld Watt*, of Harden. . . . *Beardie*, my great-grandfather aforesaid, derived his cognomen from a venerable beard, which he wore unblemished by razor or scissors, in token of his regret for the banished dynasty of Stewart. It would have been well that his zeal had stopped there. But he took arms, and intrigued in their cause, until he lost all he had in the world, and, as I have heard, run a narrow risk of being hanged, had it not been for the interference of Ann, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth."—Autobiography.

(Reproduced from Lockhart's "Life of Scott," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)

Bible. Born in 1830, he had nearly reached the age of seventy-two. The extraordinary expression of sympathy and regret which followed his death showed what he had been to students generally, and especially to his own students and to his own Church. Dr. Davidson might be called the pioneer of modern Biblical scholarship in this country. His unfinished Commentary on Job, the first volume of which was published early in 1862, attracted comparatively little attention at the time of publication, but it was the first contribution to the scientific exegesis of the Old Testament made in the period, with the doubtful exception of Kalisch's works.

Dr. Davidson was appointed at an early age Professor of Hebrew in the Free Church College, Edinburgh, and from that time he devoted himself to the duties of his office. His success as a teacher was signal, perhaps unexampled. The only Scottish Professor who can be compared with him in this respect was Dr. Edward Caird. Many of his pupils have carried his work forward including Professor Robertson Smith, Professor George Adam Smith, Professor Elmslie, Professor Andrew Harper, and others. Outside his class-room Dr. Davidson had no ambitions. Editors and publishers found it most difficult to get work from him. He took no part in ecclesiastical affairs, and was the most modest and retiring of men. But what he did write was received with the greatest interest and deference. The commentaries which he contributed to the Cambridge Bible on Job and Ezekiel are of the first rank, and his handbook on the Epistle to the Hebrews has been highly estimated by the best judges. Dr. Davidson, speaking of this commentary, said with characteristic self-depreciation that he doubted its worth. "I have never studied the New Testament. The nature of my work has obliged me to study considerable parts of the Old Testament, where I feel on firmer ground." Dr. Davidson's contributions to periodicals are comparatively few. In early years he wrote some articles for the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*. He occasionally wrote criticisms, in which his shrewd and caustic wit was not altogether suppressed. When the theological department of the *Academy* was under the care of Dr. Cheyne he was an occasional contributor, and he reviewed books on his own subjects in the columns of THE BOOKMAN and the *Critical Review*. To Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible he was one of the most important contributors.

Mr. Francis Hindes Groome, to whom we were indebted for occasional articles and reviews, died after a long and distressing illness on January 24th. His career was an unexampled combination of romance and drudgery. The romance cannot be told. Suffice it to say that it took him from the home of his father, the evangelical Archdeacon of Suffolk, to gypsy wanderings all over Europe. He then made his appearance as an editor of encyclopædias, gazetteers, and dictionaries in Edinburgh, and in this useful but prosaic occupation he spent a life which to the end was not without its episodes and escapes. All that concerns us to know is that he was in every condition a most conscientious, careful, and scholarly worker. The Globe Encyclopædia gave him his first engagement, and he afterwards edited the Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland. That a man so completely English as Groome should live in Scotland, and know Scotland so well, was another of the amazing things in his career. The Ordnance Gazetteer was by no means a perfect work, as Dr. Hay Fleming showed, but it is

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very useful and very valuable. Nor is there any likelihood of its being superseded.

It was in 1885 that Groome found a place on the editorial staff of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers.

A PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MOTHER.

"She joined to a light and happy temper of mind a strong turn to study poetry and works of imagination. She was sincerely devout, but her religion was, as became her sex, of a cast less austere than my father's."—Autobiography.

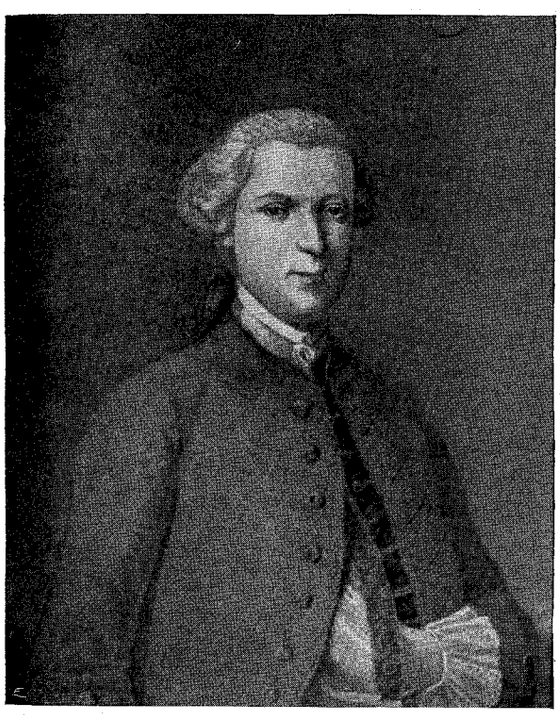
(Reproduced from Lockhart's "Life of Scott," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)

Messrs. Chambers, as all the world knows, have maintained their reputation and position in a wonderful way against the stress of modern competition. Their works of reference are the very best of their kind. Groome found himself amongst able and congenial workers, and performed his tasks with relish as well as with loyalty. He allowed his individuality to pass even into dictionaries. He found time to become a specialist in Scottish history. In the *Athenæum* he reviewed Scottish books and others. His reviews were often brief, but they had at least the merit of always meaning something, and they came from a well-equipped mind. Groome was not always a fair critic; he had grudges, and revenged himself on those who did him evil, and sometimes on those who did him good. Few writers of our time, however, have written with more care or with a greater command of facts. He wrote much about the gypsies, and those who know, value his contributions highly. Certainly his edition of "Lavengro" is an admirable piece of work. His novel, "Kriegspiel," showed much of his knowledge, and is well worth reading; but he did not possess the gift of a story-teller, and its success was small. An admirable and most sympathetic account of Groome, by his faithful friend Mr. Watts Dunton, appears in the *Athenæum* for February 22nd. Though he died young, Groome lived his life.

Lord Dufferin was claimed by diplomacy, but he had it in him to make a great name in literature. Few authors have made so hopeful a start as he did in the brilliant and humorous "Letters from High Latitudes," published as long ago as 1857. The last speech of his life, delivered as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, showed that he retained his mastery of expression. In his book, "St. Andrews and Elsewhere," A.K.H.B. describes Lord Dufferin's rectorial address at St. Andrews in 1891. He says: "I suppose no human being has ever been placed in so many difficult positions and filled each without making a single mistake. I suppose if any mortal desired to point out the world's outstanding instance of brilliant faculty in combination with perfect temper, tact, and wisdom, that truly illustrious Marquis would be the very first thought of." Dr. Boyd said to Lord Dufferin that admirable as the address had been, he thought that even greater enthusiasm would have been kindled had it been expressed in the classical tongue which had been employed at the banquet at Reykjavik in Iceland long before. The oration is given in the "Letters from High Latitudes," and begins as follows:—

Viri illustres, insolitus ut sum ad publicum loquendum ego propero respondere ad complimentum quod Recte-Reverendus Prælaticus mihi fecit, in proponendo meam salutem et supplico nos credere quod multum gratificatus et flattificatus sum honore tam distincto.

Dr. Boyd was able to tell him that when the attractive volume was published he, then a youthful and



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FATHER.

"Walter Scott, my father, was born in 1729, and educated to the profession of a Writer to the Signet. My father was a singular instance of a man rising to eminence in a profession for which nature had in some degree unfitted him. . . . In the actual business of the profession which he embraced, in that sharp and intuitive perception which is necessary in driving bargains for himself and others, in availing himself of the wants, necessities, caprices, and follies of some, and guarding against the knavery and malice of others, Uncle Toby himself could not have conducted himself with more simplicity than my father."—Autobiography.

(Reproduced from Lockhart's "Life of Scott," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)

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A PORTRAIT OF LADY SCOTT (CHARLOTTE MARGARET CARPENTER).

Sir Walter Scott married Miss Carpenter on December 24th, 1797.

"Without the features of a regular beauty, she was rich in personal attractions; 'a form that was fashioned as light as a fay's'; a complexion of the clearest and lightest olive; eyes large, deep-set, and dazzling, of the finest Italian brown; and a profusion of silken tresses, black as the raven's wing—her address hovering between the reserve of a pretty young Englishwoman who has not mingled largely in general society, and a certain natural archness and gaiety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent."

(Reproduced from Lockhart's "Life of Scott," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)

country parson, had contributed a lengthy and most favourable notice of it to the *Saturday Review*. Lord Dufferin said it was the first friendly review of his book, and it was pleasant reading. In his *Saturday Review* article (August 15th, 1857) Dr. Boyd said: "This book is one which leads us not only to admire the talent and vivacity of its author, but to conceive a strong personal liking for him. In the most natural and unaffected way he places his own picture before us. There is not a vestige of vapouring or boastfulness in the story—it is a quiet, manly statement of great dangers encountered like a true Briton. We see at once a high-spirited young man always cheerful and good-natured, fond of fun, with an eye for the picturesque in scenery, and a taste for the romantic in history—determined to make light of hardships and inconvenience, and always looking at the bright side of things. The book is a most amusing and readable one."

Miss Le Feuvre has written a sequel to her well-known book, "Odd." The new story is to be entitled "Odd made Even."

Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) and her sister, Miss Kingsley, are at present staying in Paris, and are not expected back in London for some weeks.

We hear that Messrs. Tillotson have closed the American branch of their business, and will not in future have any house in New York.

Mr. A. S. Boyd is the cartoonist whose sketches in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, signed "B.," have of late increased the gaiety of nations.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs's new novel, "At Sunwich Port" (pronounced, if you please, "Sunnidge"), is to be published towards the end of April. A well-known sculptor is engaged on a bust of this popular young author.

The annual "American invasion" of publishers has already begun. Mr. Robert Collier, of *Collier's Weekly*, after being only some six days in England, is already on his way home, and Mr. Dominick, of Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co., of New York, is just about to return after being here about a month.

We hear that Mrs. Craigie is at present busy writing a new novel for publication by Messrs. Harper and Bros.

Mr. Egerton Castle is writing a series of short stories for publication in *Collier's Weekly* of New York. Although Mr. Castle is well known, and his work is very popular in this country, his popularity as a writer of fiction is even greater in America.

Mr. W. L. Alden's series of papers, "The Colonel's Cold Truths," which have been for so long a feature of the contents of *To-day*, and which were lately discontinued, are to be resumed at once.

Messrs. Hutchinson will publish Mr. Jerome's new novel, "Paul Kelver," in book form in the autumn. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., of New York, will publish it simultaneously in America.

The death of Dr. S. R. Gardiner came upon the historical world with deplorable suddenness. At a meeting of the Royal Historical Society on 20th February, the fellows were assured by the President (Dr. G. W. Prothero) that Dr. Gardiner was rather better than he had been at any time since his stroke, and that there was a prospect of his resuming his work.

In single-minded devotion to a work conceived upon a colossal scale, Dr. Gardiner will rank with Mr. Herbert Spencer as a representative in the Victorian era of the literary magnanimity of a Gibbon. He commenced soon after 1860 with a design of writing the History of the Puritan Revolution. This was soon recognised by him as involving the History of England from 1603 to 1660. He was spared to carry down the work to the summer of 1656. The full scheme comprised 19 volumes. Of these he completed 17, leaving a certain amount of material for volume 18, which would have brought his "History of the Commonwealth" down to the death of Cromwell. From that point there is, we believe, a probability that the History of England may be continued upon a

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worthy scale down to the death of Charles II., where Macaulay begins, by Mr. C. H. Firth, whose sympathy Dr. Gardiner valued so highly (as each succeeding preface testifies), and whose book on Cromwell he cordially admired.

As a contributor to the sum of human knowledge, Dr. Gardiner can scarcely rank with Stubbs, or as an accomplished historian with Creighton, whose deaths his own decease follows after a short interval; but by the historical student proper his loss will probably be more keenly felt than that of either. Dr. Gardiner's achievement was only rendered possible by an exclusive devotion to a subject which he conceived in the opinion of many with a certain rigidity and narrowness. He ordinarily spent rather more than a year in writing the history of a single year of the 17th century.

To the social, economic, and literary side of the nation's development he devoted scarcely any attention—his work being based almost entirely upon the examination of tracts, State papers, and diplomatic documents. From these he extracted materials for a close chronological survey, characterised rather by the dry light of accuracy and impartiality than by any artistic selection or power of presentment. As a lecturer he was perhaps more interesting than as a writer, his remarks, though homely in expression, being full of vigorous thought. Above all, to those with whom he came in personal contact, his spoken word was informed by a kindness and geniality most essential to the man, yet apt to disappear beneath the austerity of the scholar in his printed works.

By way of supplement to the sketch of George Borrow in the February BOOKMAN, we may draw the attention of our readers to two personal anecdotes (which have the advantage, we believe, of being new) told by an eye-witness in the current number of the *Eastern Counties Magazine*. "On one occasion, at a dinner party at Bury St. Edmunds, Dr. Donaldson (the Hebrew scholar) having doubted whether a certain roving painter was, as he professed to be, a native of Hungary, Borrow clenched the matter by saying that he had been talking to the painter that morning for two hours at a stretch in the language of that country, and then he abruptly addressed the learned but confuted Doctor as follows: 'That comes, Dr. Donaldson, of larning *(sic)* Hebrew in five minutes!'" "I was once on a visit to a very old lady in Yarmouth, and during my visit Borrow called. We three were sitting over the fire, for it was winter, and Borrow espied two pokers, one for use and one for show. This roused his indignation, and he seized the bright poker and raked the fire to the mixed amusement and astonishment of the aged owner of the poker." T se stories are told in a review of "Isopel Berners," by W. Mowbray Donne, son of Bodham Donne, the intimate friend of FitzGerald. Donne knew Borrow less intimately, but he warmly "appreciated his genius."

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

JANUARY 20TH TO FEBRUARY 20TH, 1902.

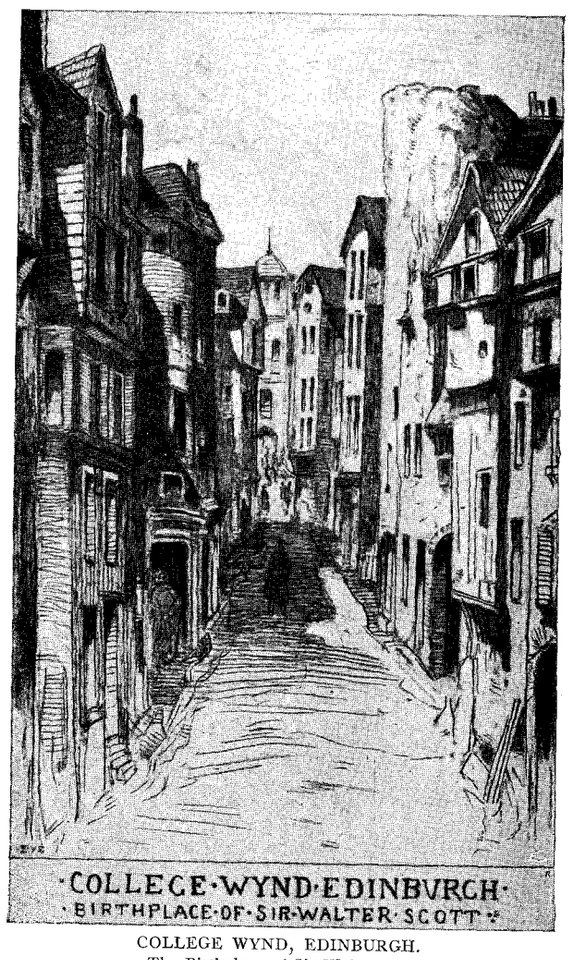
The period between the Christmas and Spring seasons is not usually one of any marked activity in the book trade, and the past month has conformed very closely to the customary dulness. In all classes of literature, with the exception of fiction, there has been much depression, and but little demand has been noticeable.

The most prominent item of the month has been the issue of Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses." A large number has been disposed of, and the sales have been constant.

Towards the close of the month an increased output of 6s. novels has taken place; but the most popular works have continued to be those already chronicled in these columns. Of the later issues, "The Cat's Paw," by B. M. Croker, has sold most freely.

A new volume of "Opinions," by the inimitable Mr. Dooley, has been the most successful 3s. 6d. book.

Only a few years ago the Lenten Season was certain to materially affect the sale of novels, and to call forth a corresponding increase in the demand for theological books. Such influence is but little felt at the present



COLLEGE WYND, EDINBURGH.
The Birthplace of Sir Walter Scott.

"At the head of the north side of the College Wynd, directly opposite the great gateway of the University, stood a house of plain aspect, consisting of four stories, the two lower floors being the residence of a Mr. Keith, and the upper ones the home of Walter Scott, W.S., access to the latter being gained by a turnpike stair leading up from a little court behind. In one of these upper stories Scott was born on August 15th, 1771. He was the ninth child, and the last of his family born there, his father having shortly after his birth removed to a new house at No. 25, George Square.'

(Reproduced from the etching by D. Y. Cameron in "The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," by George G. Napier, M.A., by kind permission of the author and of Messrs. James Maclehose & Sons.)

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time, and the sale of books strictly pertinent to the season is an almost negligeable quantity.

"The War in South Africa," by A. Conan Doyle, has continued to sell freely, although the demand for general literature of the campaign has again fallen off.

Ping-Pong has been to the fore in *theory* as well as practice during the month. Several compact handbooks to the game have appeared, among the most popular being the volume by Arnold Parker.

Several of the works issued from the recently established Norland Press have been very successful, more especially "The First Book" and "Little French Folk."

The recent reissues of the more popular of Charles Darwin's works have in their sales formed an important feature of the month.

Volumes in The World's Classics, Temple Series, especially the new issue of the Bible, together with the New Century Library, have also enjoyed a steady sale.

Very large orders have been received for the first part of "The Life of Edward VII.," now being published serially.

The sales in sixpenny reprints are again on the increase, and it is evident that they will again form a considerable item in the trade of the forthcoming season.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

The History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
Anna Lombard. By Victoria Cross. 6s. (Long.)
The Cat's Paw. By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Chatto.)
Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Green Turbans. By J. M. Cobban. 6s. (Long.)
The House with the Green Shutters. By G. Douglas. 6s. (Macqueen.)
Sons of the Sword. By Mrs. Woods. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Scenery of England. By Lord Avebury. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)
Words by an Eye-Witness. By "Linesman." 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Twentieth Century New Testament. 4s. 6d. (H. Marshall.)
Ulysses. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
Mr. Dooley's Opinions. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Ping Pong. By Arnold Parker. 1s. net. (Unwin.)
Little French Folk. By C. T. Onions. 2s. net. (Norland Press.)
The First Book. By E. E. Speight and C. L. Thompson. 2s. net. (Norland Press.)
Five Years in Ireland. By M. J. F. Macarthy. 7s. 6d. (Simpkin.)
The Descent of Man. By Charles Darwin. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)
A Naturalist's Voyage. By Charles Darwin. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)
Life of Dr. Arnold. By Dean Stanley. 2s. (Ward and Lock.)
World's Classics, Temple Series, and New Century Library.
Various Sixpenny Reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending

Jan. 25—Quiet in all departments.
Feb. 1—Better in home trade; still quiet in export.
,, 8—A fairly good week.
,, 15—Brisker trade in both home and foreign.

(2) SCOTLAND.

JANUARY 20TH TO FEBRUARY 20TH, 1902.

The prominent feature of the month's business was the enormous demand for Dr. Doyle's "Cause and Conduct of the African Campaign." Another war book, though of a very different character, which gained attention, was "With Steyn and De Wet," and, on account of his prominent connection with South African affairs, there was a good sale for the "Life of Cecil Rhodes," published by Messrs. Blackwood.

Owing to the high position of the writer, there were many inquiries for "The Strenuous Life," by President Roosevelt, and a large sale was obtained for Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses. For the volume of "Cartoons from *Punch*," 1901, there was a ready reception, and the new book by the noted American humourist, "Mr. Dooley," sold well.

The craze of the season, "Ping Pong," had its contributions to the month's business in several handbooks to the game. The most successful of these were "Ping Pong," by Arnold Parker, and "Table Tennis," issued by Messrs. Pearson. There was also a good demand for the books entitled "A B C of Bridge," "Palmistry," and "Photography."

"The House with the Green Shutters" maintained its position as the leading six-shilling novel, and the following had a good sale:—"The Cat's Paw," by Mrs. B. M. Croker; "Yellow Fiend," by Mrs. Alexander; "Charlotte," by Mrs. Walford; "Mating of a Dove," by Mary E. Mann; "The Old Bank," by W. Westall; "The Man from Glengarry," by Ralph Connor; and "Young Barbarians," by Ian Maclaren.

The popularity of thin-paper editions of standard works was very noticeable, and many contributions came to hand from all the leading publishers. Messrs. Newnes' pocket editions of "Shakespeare," "Burns," and "Milton" were much admired for their taste and elegance, as were also Messrs. Chapman and Hall's India paper issue of Dickens's works, illustrated.

Magazine literature, which had declined last month, revived considerably, and many of the more prominent monthlies had a brisker sale than was anticipated by the trade.

Pearson's "Famous Pictures," Newnes' "From Cradle to Crown," and Hutchinson's "Parliament," contributed largely to the bulk of the business done during the time under review, and excited some stir in a month usually found to be the quietest of the whole year.

The following is our list of best selling books:—

The War in South Africa. By Dr. Doyle. 6d. (Newnes.)
House with the Green Shutters. By George Douglas. 6s. (Macqueen.)
The Cat's Paw. By Mrs. B. M. Croker. 6s. (Chatto.)
Charlotte. By Mrs. Walford. 6s. (Longman.)
Ulysses. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. (Lane.)
The Yellow Fiend. By Mrs. Alexander. 6s. (Unwin.)
The Mating of a Dove. By Mary E. Mann. 6s. (Unwin.)
A Matter of Sentiment. By John Strange Winter. 6s. (White.)
His Masterpiece. By Emile Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Mr. Dooley's Opinions. By T. P. Dunne. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Newnes' Thin Paper Edition of Burns and Milton.
Cartoons from "Punch." 2s. 6d. net. (Bradbury.)
Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Old Bank. By W. Westall. 6s. (Chatto.)
With Steyn and De Wet. By P. Picnaar. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
Books on Ping Pong or Table Tennis; also many sixpenny re-issues of popular novels.

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The Booksellers' Diary.

MARCH.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

March 6th.

MUDDOCK, J. E.—Fair Rosalind, 6/- ..... *John Long*
HUME, FERGUS.—Woman—The Sphinx, 6/- ..... *John Long*
PEMBERTON, T. EDGAR.—Ellen Terry and Her Sisters, 16/- *Pearson*
VON HUTTON, BARONESS.—Miss Carmichael's Conscience, 2/6 net ..... *Pearson*
MEAKIN, BUDGETT.—The Moors, 15/- ..... *Swan Sonnenschein*
SENECA.—Tragedies. Translated by Dr. W. Bradshaw, 7/6 *Swan Sonnenschein*
KENWORTHY, JOHN C.—Tolstoy: His Life and Works, 6/- *Walter Scott Publishing Co.*
HOOD, THOMAS.—Serious Poems, 2/6 net, and 3/- net *George Newnes*
WAINEMAN, PAUL.—A Heroine from Finland, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
CAPES, BERNARD.—Plots, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
LAMB, CHARLES.—Essays of Elia (Little Library), 1/6 net, and 2/6 net ..... *Methuen*

March 7th.

FLETCHER, J. S.—The Investigators, 6/- ..... *John Long*
GLANVILLE, ERNEST.—A Beautiful Rebel, 6/- ..... *John Long*

March 8th.

GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON....Urlyn the Harper, and Other Songs, 1/- net ..... *Elkin Mathews*

March 10th.

GILBERT, GEORGE.—In the Shadow of the Purple, 6/- *John Long*
GOULD, F. C.—The Modern Chronicles of Froissart, 3/6 *T. Fisher Unwin*
STEAD, ALFRED.—Japan, Our New Ally, 6/- net *T. Fisher Unwin*
HOWELL, GEORGE.—Labour Legislation, Labour Movements, and Labour Leaders, 10/6 ..... *T. Fisher Unwin*
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MORGAN, G. E., M.A.—Dreams and Realities, 1/- *Morgan & Scott*
HOWARTH, ANNA.—Nora Lester, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*

March 12th.

TURNER-TURNER, J.—The Great Fish of Florida, 12/6 net *Pearson*
RIDGE, W. PETT.—Three Women and Mr. Frank Cardwell, 2/- *Pearson*
RITCHIE, PROF. D. G., LL.D.—Plato. World's Epoch Makers Series, 3/- ..... *T. & T. Clark*
DEARMER, REV. PERCY.—The Parson's Handbook, Revised Ed. 6/- net ..... *Grant Richards*
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ARCHER, JEAN C.—The Adventures of Samuel and Selina (Dumpy Book), 1/6 ..... *Grant Richards*

March 13th.

PEMBERTON, MAX.—I Crown Thee King, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
GISSING, ALGERNON.—The Keys of the House, 6/- ... *Methuen*
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March 14th.

CAMERON, MRS. LOVETT.—A Woman's "No," 6/- *John Long*

March 15th.

SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—Mistress Barbara Cunliffe, 6/- *T. Fisher Unwin*
AUTHOR OF "HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII."—T.R.H. The Prince and Princess of Wales, 7/6 net ..... *George Newnes*
BACON, LORD.—Works. Thin Paper Pocket Edition, 3/- and 3/6 *George Newnes*

March 17th.

DUTT, ROMESH, C.I.E.—The Lake of Palms, 6/- *T. Fisher Unwin*
VILLARI, PROF. PASQUALE.—The Barbarian Invasion of Italy, 2 Vols., 32/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
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CLARKE, J., M.A.—British India and England's Responsibilities, *Swan Sonnenschein*
KALIDASA.—Sakuntalâ (Scott Library), 1/6 *Walter Scott Publishing Co.*
MEYER, F. B., B.A.—David, 2/6 ..... *Morgan & Scott*
AITKEN, REV. CANON HAY.—The Ordinance of Prayer, 6/- *Gardner, Darton*

March 19th.

CHATTERTON, G. G.—The Court of Destiny, 6/- ..... *John Long*

March 20th.

VAUX, REV. J. EDWARD, M.A., F.S.A.—Church Folk Lore, 6/- *Skeffington*
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EMBREE, C. F.—The Heart of Flame, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

March 24th.

AUTHOR OF "THE LETTERS OF HER MOTHER TO ELIZABETH."—A Girl of the Multitude, 6/- *Fisher Unwin*

March 25th.

DOYLE, A. CONAN.—The Hound of the Baskervilles. Illustrated. 6/- ..... *George Newnes*
BALDRY, A. L.—Modern Mural Decoration, 12/6 net *George Newnes*
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March 26th.

FERMOR, MARY.—Home Pets, Furred and Feathered, 2/6 *Pearson*
BIRRELL, OLIVE.—Nicholas Holbrook, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*
BURMESTER, FRANCES G.—John Lott's Alice, 6/- *Grant Richards*
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WHELER, DORIS L.—The Treasure of the Castle, 3/6 *Grant Richards*
LUCAS, EDWARD V.—A Book of Verses for Children, 2/6 *Grant Richards*
PENDLETON, JOHN.—How to Succeed as a Journalist, 3/6 *Grant Richards*

March 31st

THEAL, DR. G. M.—The Beginning of South African History, 16/- *Fisher Unwin*
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Blue Lilies, 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
BELL-RANSKE, MRS.—Health, Song, and Speech, 4/6 net *Swan Sonnenschein*

Books to be Published during March, dates not fixed.

FAIRBAIRN, PRINCIPAL A. M., D.D., LL.D.—The Philosophy of the Christian Religion, 12/- ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*
DOUGLAS, SIR GEO., BART.—Diversions of a Country Gentleman, 6/- net ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*
TOOLEY, MRS.—The Life of Queen Alexandra. With over 100 Illustrations, 6/- net ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*
MARGOLIOUTH, REV. PROF. D. S., M.A., D.D.—Religions of Bible Lands, 1/- net ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*
DALE, A. W., M.A.—The Life of Dr. R. W. Dale of Birmingham. Popular Edition. 6/- ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*
SMITH, GEORGE ADAM, D.D.—The Life of Henry Drummond. Popular Edition, 3/6 ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*
ROBERTS, THE LATE REV. PRINCIPAL.—The Spiritual Mind, 7/6 ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*
SIMPSON, P. CARNEGIE, M.A.—Love Never Faileth, 5/- *Hodder & Stoughton*
MORGAN, Rev. JOHN.—The Sacrament of Pain, 2/6 *Hodder & Stoughton*
MACLAREN, REV. ALEXANDER, of Manchester.—After the Resurrection, 5/- ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*
PATON, REV. JAMES, D.D.—The Glory and Joy of the Resurrection, 3/6 ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*
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STOCKTON, FRANK.—Kate Bonnet, 6/- ..... *Cassell*
REID, SIR WEMYSS.—William Black, Novelist: A Memoir, 10/6 net ..... *Cassell*
PULLIN, A. W.—Alfred Shaw, Cricketer, 2/6 ..... *Cassell*
FRASER, J. FOSTER.—The Real Siberia, 6/- ..... *Cassell*
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GORE, CHARLES, D.D. (Editor).—Essays on Church Reform, 5/- net ..... *John Murray*
EDWARDS, H. SUTHERLAND.—The Career and Correspondence of the Right Hon. Sir William Arthur White, G.C.B., British Ambassador at Constantinople, ... *John Murray*
THOMSON, BASIL.—Savage Island ..... *John Murray*
THRING, LORD, K.C.B.—Legislative Expression *John Murray*
SIX OXFORD TUTORS.—Contentio Veritatis: Essays in Constructive Theology ..... *John Murray*
AIDE, HAMILTON.—We are Seven: Half-Hours on the Stage, 4/- net ..... *John Murray*
OLIVER, DR. T., M.A., M.D. (Editor).—Dangerous Trades *John Murray*
BOOTHBY, GUY.—My Strangest Case, 5/- ..... *Ward, Lock*
HOCKING, JOSEPH.—Greater Love, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*
MEADE, MRS. L. T.—The Last Square, 5/- ..... *Ward, Lock*
"ORME AGNUS."—Zike Mouldom, 6/- ..... *Ward, Lock*
BODKIN, McDONNELL.—A Modern Miracle, 6/- ... *Ward, Lock*
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—Stolen Souls, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*
NELSON, H. ARNOLD.—Green Barley, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*

April 3rd.

CROCKETT, REV. W. S.—The Scott Country, 6/- *A. & C. Black*
CHEYNE and BLACK (Editors).—Encyclopædia Biblica. Vol. III. 20/- net ..... *A. & C. Black*
MACDONALD, REV. DUFF.—The Revised Catechism *A. & C. Black*
MACAULAY.—Biography of William Pitt. Edited by John Downie, 3/6 ..... *A. & C. Black*

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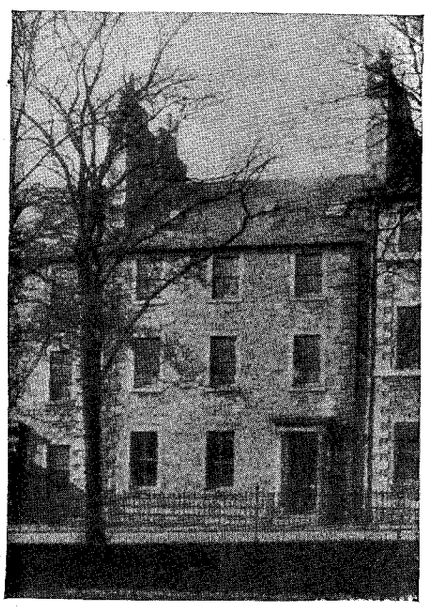
The Reader.

SIR WALTER SCOTT: SOME OF HIS HOMES AND HAUNTS.

By W. S. CROCKETT.

MELROSE RAILWAY STATION in "the season" is proof enough that Scott and his Country are not forgotten. Every summer finds an increasing influx of visitors from all quarters to the "land of the mountain and the flood." And so far as the foreign element is concerned, the palm for popularity must be given to the shrines of Sir Walter. In the States and Canada Scott is said to be even better known than he is in Scotland. The story of his homes and haunts prints itself more deeply, perhaps, on the heart and imagination of the average American than on the average Scot. This is hardly as it should be, still one is not surprised. No one disputes Scott's kingship among the English-speaking races, and, doubtless, the old "nearer-to-kirk" adage applies with tolerable truth to those who live within easy reach, or, indeed, within the romantic circle itself of the Scott Country. But there is a reviving interest in Scott in his own localities and amongst his own countrymen. The modern Scottish School has not outstripped the old. Stevenson may be a good second to Scott, but *per lungo intervallo*. And of other representatives what is the verdict? That they have but increased our hunger, forcing us back to the great Master, ever the Romancist-in-Chief. One is glad to see a growing tide in favour of Scott as a school classic. Thanks to the excellent editions recently produced for this purpose, there is no reason why every Scottish boy and girl should not come under the pure and healthy sway of Sir Walter Scott. With profit, also, might the schools devote some part of their annual holiday to his Country, and study on the spot that strong local environment which, in large measure, made him the man he was, and the force in British Literature he still continues to hold, notwithstanding the enormous fictional output of the period.



NO. 25, GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH,
The residence of Sir Walter Scott's parents shortly after his birth in 1771.

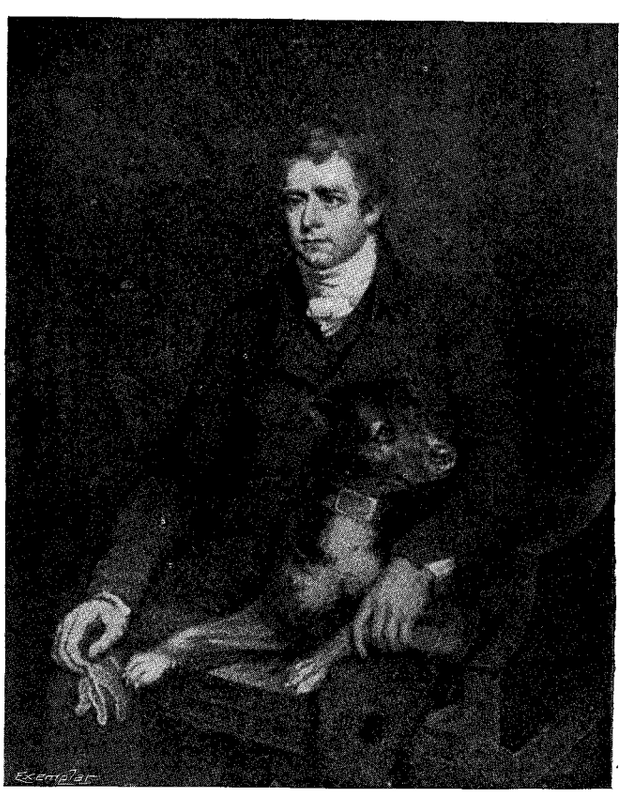
"From Prestonpans I was transported back to my father's house in George's Square, which continued to be my most established place of residence, until my marriage in 1797."—Autobiography in Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From a photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

It will be seventy years this autumn since Scott passed "from sunshine to the sunless land," yet how much sunshine have his works not wreathed around the world since the pen dropped from his palsied fingers that pathetic day in 1832! One is safe in saying that with "Marmion," and the "Lay"; "Guy Mannering," and "Old Mortality"; the "Bride of Lammermoor," and "Ivanhoe," more really pleasant hours have been spent than over any other series of romances in the home-tongue, however happily conceived. A constant demand for the numerous new editions, and an abiding interest in all that pertains to Scott and the Scott Land, assure us that it will be long, long before the name of "Waverley" passes from the speech and page of the common day, or the places associated with the Magician fail to stir the sympathy and inspire the devotion of multitudes from every part of the English-speaking world:

> "Scott shall ne'er oblivion know;
> While old Scotland lasts, his name,
> Fitly framed for mutual fame,
> Shall with hers still co-exist,
> First in Honour's lofty list:
> Till his land and race are not,
> Glory be to Walter Scott!"

The Border Country, in its general characteristics, has altered little since Scott's day. In some other respects there has been a saddening and woeful change. Still do the "glittering and resolute streams of Tweed"—to use the Cromwellian's phrase—keep their old graceful windings by the boskiest of banks and greenest of meadows. The hills which Washington Irving declared to be "monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile," have undergone, in many instances, a magnificent metamorphosis. The rare



A PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY JAMES SAXON, 1805.

"The first oil painting, done for Lady Scott in 1805, by Saxon, was, in consequence of repeated applications for the purpose of being engraved, transferred by her to Messrs. Longman and Co. This is a very fine picture, representing, I have no doubt most faithfully, the author of the 'Lay of th Last Minstrel.'"—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

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woodland of Abbotsford is itself a sample of how many another once arid and ugly landscape has been transformed to "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Thirlestane, in the heart of Ettrickdale; Dawyck, by Drummelzier on the Tweed; the "noble Neidpath," despoiled by Wordsworth's "Degenerate Douglas"; Cowdenknowes, that true home of beauty and song, with other delightful domains, all well known to Scott, and covertless enough in his day, are now fully mantled in the glory of elm and oak, fir and beech, and rowan, intermingled with copses of hazel and laburnum, wild-rose and broom. Not, of course, that the country was a broad, bald stretch when the Wizard was casting his spell over it. Tweed was a "fair river" then also. And the beauty-spots of Scott's time abide the beauty-spots still. But the byepast century on the Border was emphatically a century of arboriculture, a revivifying of those ancient days when the colloquial name for the region between the Ettrick and Tweed valleys was "the Forest," classic in history, and immortal in the sweet settings of Border minstrelsy. With Abbotsford, too, the neighbouring mansions, many of them, passed from their primitive shooting-box condition into superb palatial residences. Railways have long interlaced the wide Border, and the most inaccessible hill hamlets of Scott's era are now knit by telegraph to all the ends of the earth. But the vexing feature of present-day Border life is the enormous depopulation of the outlying districts. The Border land question—the subject is not confined to the Border—seems ripe for discussion. And the settlement of the baneful "led-farm" system, that most aggravating curse of the Border parishes, unknown to any great degree to Scott, should be insisted upon from landlord and tenant alike. How deserted are the glens of Ettrick and Yarrow and of the Tweed and Teviot since Scott was their most familiar figure!

A PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY ANDREW GEDDES, A.R.A., 1818.
In the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.
Sir Walter Scott was a member of the Royal Commission appointed to search for the Scottish Regalia. This portrait is a study for the picture commemorating the discovery in 1818.
(Reproduced from the Edinburgh Waverley Edition, by kind permission of Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

More than one-half of those peaceful, plodding populations have gone to swell the big local manufacturing centres, such as Hawick and Galashiels, and the already overcrowded and over-garreted cities like Glasgow and Edinburgh. The spirit of Border rusticity, as Scott gloried to live amongst it, has been sadly disturbed, and a remedy might well be found against this continued decrease. For

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

When Walter Scott touched for the first time the land he was most of all to adorn, and which was to be identified with his name through the centuries, he was a child of barely three years—dull, lame, and believed to be dying. It was to Sandyknowe, his grandfather's farm at Smailholm, in Roxburghshire, he was sent to retrieve, if possible, his little life trembling in the balance. Here he lived until his eighth year, recovered his health, grew into a fine fair-haired boy, and, above all, caught up, as no other did, the true spirit of the scenes amidst which he had been living and moving. Had he remained in Edinburgh he would almost certainly have succumbed. It was the happy thought of Smailholm that saved him to his family and the world. But it did more. It gave the keynote to his future. It made a man of him in the best sense of the phrase. What the boy felt in that first consciousness at Smailholm never left him all through life. It was there that his destiny began to work itself out. From the honourable humility of Robert Scott's "thatched mansion" this romantic youth reached the topmost rung of the Scottish literary ladder, and still stands out at the opening of the new century as among Scotsmen "first in Honour's lofty list." The farmhouse of Sandyknowe has long vanished in place of a more commodious dwelling. A small part of the original wall is said to be recognis-

SMAILHOLM.
"It was in the summer of 1773, about the beginning of his third year, that Scott was sent to Sandyknowe, his grandfather's farm at Smailholm, in Roxburghshire. . . . Here Scott spent his boyhood, and was initiated into the mysteries of Nature, and the wider world of the Unseen. Here there burst upon his vision the first glimmerings of that larger life in which he was to play so prominent a part."
(Reproduced from W. S. Crockett's "The Scott Country," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)

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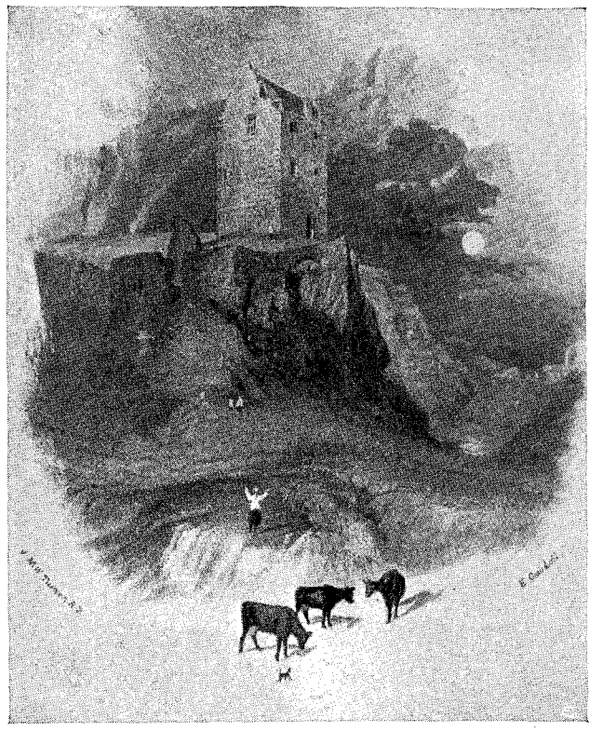
able in the stable and cartshed of the modern steading. The true shrine, however, is not the farmhouse, but the grey old fortlet of Sandyknowe, strongly posted on its beetling crag, about a bowshot beyond. It is one of the best-preserved feudal relics in the South of Scotland, but lying slightly off the beaten track, is unknown to a large circle of Scott students. The lines descriptive of it in the Introduction to Canto III. of "Marmion" are among the finest of Scott's word-pictures. The whole building is suggestive of immense strength. The assaults of armed hosts and Time's corroding touches have left little difference upon it. Was ever scene so grand and fair? That must be the question of all who have gazed from the summit of Sandyknowe on the majestic panorama spreading far and wide around it. Scott knew it well, and brought many of his friends in later years to get into raptures over it. His last visit was with Turner in the autumn of 1831, when the great artist sketched the place for a new edition of the Poems. As an amphitheatre of the most perfect beauty, crowded with a thousand memories of the heroic and the romantic, the view from Sandyknowe should satisfy all lovers of the land of Scott. Close at hand are Mertoun's Halls—"fair e'en now"—the seat of Sandyknowe's laird, son of the reivers, but bearing, too, in his veins the softer blood of Yarrow's gentle Flower. A short distance to the west, the Brethren Stanes shrine their tearful tragedy, whilst legends of the youthful Cuthbert, greatest of Border saints, still linger by the haunts of his boyhood. Further over is Bemersyde of the perennial Haigs, eternally fortified by the Rhymer's couplet, and away yonder are Dryburgh, its white monks long laid to rest, and its bells long done ringing; the Wizard-cleft Eildons; Melrose, "like some tall rock with lichens grey"; the storied vale of the Gala; the Ettrick and Yarrow landmarks; and in the distance the grassy peaks of Peeblesshire. On the south are the Dunion and Rubers-law, Penielheugh and Lilliard's Edge, Carter Fell, and the long wavy outline of the Cheviots. To the north the grim Black Hill of Cowdenknowes sentinels the Rhymer's Ercil-doune and the sweet pastoral haughs of the Leader. On the east rise the crags of Hume, with its dismantled Castle, "stern guardian of the Merse," the Dirringtons, Covenant-haunted Duns Law, and the open-spreading, cultivated, and fertile valley of the Tweed. "Such," says Lockhart, "were the objects that had painted the earliest images on the eye of the last and greatest of the Border Minstrels."

"More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze,
The brilliant, fair, and soft, the glories of old days."



SANDYKNOWE TOWER.

From a Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

On the summit of the crags which overhung the farmhouse at Smailholm stood the ruined tower of Sandyknowe.

"Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour:
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled:
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
. . . . . .
And still I thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power."—"Marmion."

(Reproduced from Lockhart's "Life of Scott," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)

Here, at Sandyknowe Tower, is the scene of Scott's first ballad, the "Eve of St. John," written, it is said, to avert its demolition. But that can scarcely be, remembering the exceeding strength of the structure, and the utter needlessness of what would have been an unpardonable vandalism. It has been suggested that Sandyknowe might be purchased and put into a better state of repair by some such body as the Edinburgh Border Counties Association, which has already done admirable work in that direction, having annexed the Tower of True Thomas at Earlston and John Leyden's cottage at Denholm, and is contemplating other commendable schemes. At any rate, the visitor to Sandyknowe will not depart disappointed. In its bold and rugged surroundings he may discover a wonderfully correct index to the determination and keen-spiritedness of the boy who gambolled by its base, and as a youth climbed to its highest bartizan, and as a white-haired paralytic wept over the long-dead days as they came back to him here, fancying himself once more on the broomy knowes of Smailholm in the midst of the thunderstorm and lightning flashes, clapping his hands and crying in his ecstasy, "Bonnie! bonnie! dae't again, dae't again!"

Kelso, where some of Scott's happy boyhood years were spent, is only six miles distant. He was a pupil in the old Grammar School, long demolished, close to Edie Ochiltree's prison—a vault in the Abbey—which the blue-gown declared "wasna sae dooms bad a place as it was ca'd." Many of the houses where Scott was a frequent guest have disappeared, or, like Waverley Cottage, his Kelso home, have changed beyond all recognition. At Kelso, Scott's Ballantyne comradeship began. Here he printed his first ballad-collection, a mere pamphlet, indeed. Then the first two volumes of the "Minstrelsy" issued from the Kelso press in a splendour of typography, which called forth the highest admiration. We like to think of Scott as an inhabitant of this charming Tweedside town—the "Queen of the Borders," and, as described in his day, "the most beautiful if not the most romantic village in Scotland." He had the kindest of friends at Kelso in his maiden Aunt Jenny, and indulgent sailor uncle at Rosebank. It was from Kelso, too, as a law-student on holiday, free for a time

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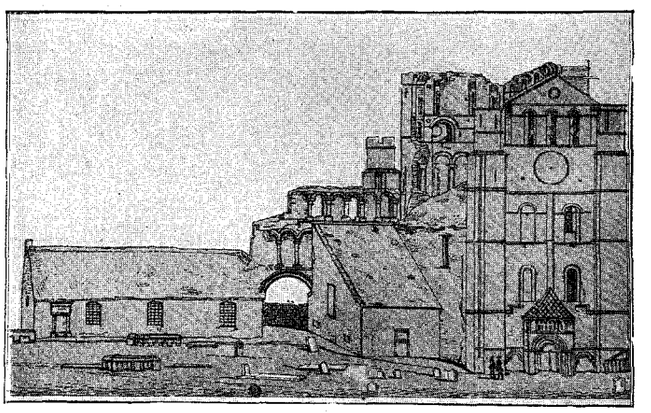
WAVERLEY COTTAGE, KELSO,
The residence of Miss Janet Scott.

"My health had become rather delicate from rapid growth, and my father was easily persuaded to allow me to spend half-a-year at Kelso with my kind aunt, Miss Janet Scott, whose inmate I became. At this time she resided in a small house, situated very pleasantly in a large garden, to the eastward of the churchyard of Kelso, which extended down to the Tweed. It was then my father's property, from whom it was afterwards purchased by my uncle." —Autobiography in Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

(Reproduced from W. S. Crockett's "The Scott Country," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, KELSO.

"My time was left entirely to my own disposal, excepting for about four hours in the day, when I was expected to attend the Grammar-school of the village. The teacher, at that time, was Mr. Lancelot Whale, an excellent classical scholar, a humourist, and a worthy man. He had a supreme antipathy to the puns which his very uncommon name frequently gave rise to."—Autobiography in Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

"The Old Grammar School of Kelso, which Scott attended (1783), and where he seems to have also acted as a kind of pupil teacher, immediately adjoined the Abbey. It is the low building to the left in the illustration. It has long since disappeared."—"The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett.

(Reproduced from W. S. Crockett's "The Scott Country," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)

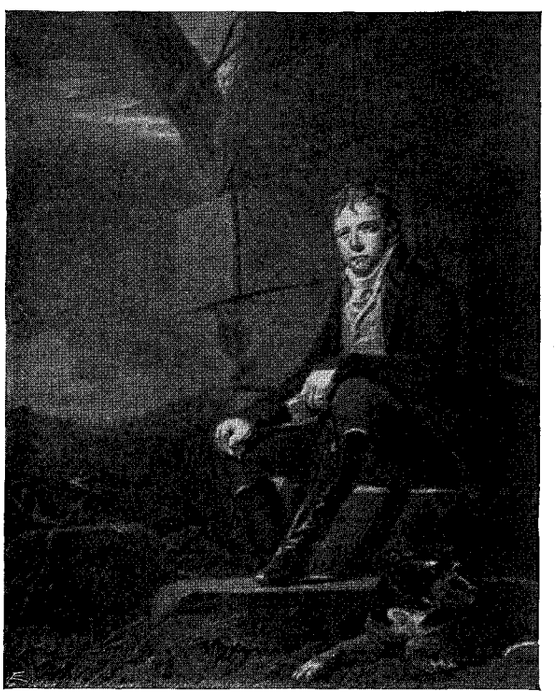
from the "dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances," that he sallied forth to Flodden, to Norham Castle, and Berwick, and as far south as Bamborough and Lindisfarne—all afterwards shrined in "Marmion," the greatest of his verse-romances. Round about Kelso, he would be quite at home at Ednam, the birthplace of the author of the "Seasons"; at Yetholm, the Gypsy Capital; at Jedburgh, Southdean, and Ancrum—names of stirring note in Border history and romance.

Scott married in 1797, settling down with the prim but pleasant, if not particularly pretty, mademoiselle with whom he fell in love, seemingly at first sight, among the Cumberland mountains. "By Eske's fair streams that run" they lived for six years a sweetly ideal life in the rustic cottage at Lasswade, still to the fore, and practically unchanged (it was lately in the market). Of Scott's Edinburgh homes, little here, save to say that 39, Castle Street—"dear old 39"—was his abode for many years, where his best work was done, and at whose window Lockhart beheld that striking, somewhat weird, and Belshazzar-like vision of a hand writing far into the early hours of the morning.

As Sheriff of Selkirkshire, or, more familiarly, and as he liked best to be styled, the "Shirra," Scott lived for a time at Clovenfords Inn on the Tweed, recently restored, and again catering for the angler and summer visitor. Wordsworth slept here on his first Border tour in 1814.

"And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my winsome marrow,
'Whate'er betide we'll turn aside
And see the Braes of Yarrow.'"

Not far off is Ashestiel, from 1804 to 1811 the centre of some of the dearest associations of Scott's life. For one of Scott's temperament and hobbies, there could not have been a more ideal dwelling. Quiet and retired, and situated on a singularly enchanting reach of the Tweed, the scenery all round about has been well imaged in his own deathless lines. "You approached it," says Lockhart, "through an old-fashioned garden with holly-hedges, and broad, green terrace-walks. On one side, close under the windows, is a deep ravine, clothed with venerable trees, down which a mountain rivulet is heard, more than seen, in its progress to the Tweed. The river itself is separated from the high bank on which the house stands only by a narrow meadow of the richest verdure. Opposite and all around are the green hills. The valley there is narrow, and the aspect in every direction is that of perfect pastoral repose. The heights immediately behind are those



FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,
BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, 1808.

"The first picture by Raeburn was done in 1808 for Constable, and passed, at the sale of his effects, into the hands of the Duke of Buccleuch. Scott is represented at full length, sitting by a ruined wall, with Camp at his feet—Hermitage Castle and the mountains of Liddesdale in the background."

(Reproduced from Lockhart's "Life of Scott," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)

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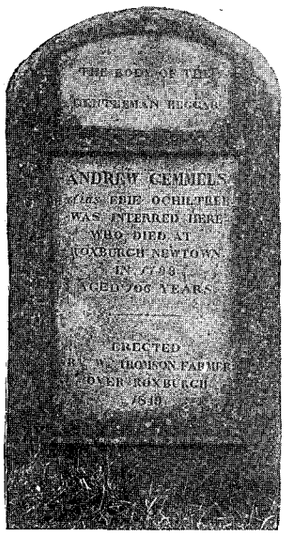


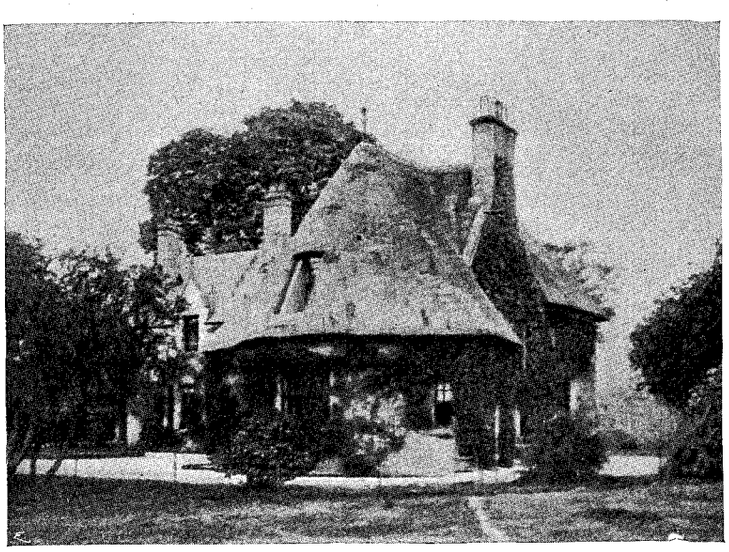
THE GRAVESTONE OF "EDIE OCHILTREE" AT KELSO.

"At Roxburgh Churchyard, some two miles from the castle ruins, is the grave of Andrew Gemmels, the 'Edie Ochiltree' of the 'Antiquary.' Originally a dragoon, in active service during the wars of Anne and the first Georges, the last fifty years of his life were spent as a wandering beggar, or *gaberlunzie*, of the 'beadsman' or 'blue-gown' class. . . . Scott met him frequently, and has described him as 'a remarkably fine old figure, very tall, and maintaining a soldier-like or military manner and address.'"

(Reproduced from W. S. Crockett's "The Scott Country," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)

which divide the Tweed from the Yarrow, and the latter celebrated stream lies within an easy ride, in the course of which the traveller passes through a variety of the finest mountain scenery in the South of Scotland." Ashestiel has altered considerably — "sorrowfully changed," as Ruskin wrote in 1883, since Scott's occupancy. The east wing has been added, and the entrance, which formerly faced the Tweed, is now turned hillwards. Scott wrote in the old dining-room—not the small study which Ruskin saw and described in *Fors*, vol. viii.—the modern library, a quaint, old-fashioned room on the east side of the entrance porch. Through one of the original windows, now converted into a press beside the fireplace, the greyhounds Douglas and Percy bounded out and in at will. Scott kept his books upstairs in the dressing-room. Not any part of the present furniture is associated with him except a large easy-chair, gifted by Scott to his invalid cousin, Jane Russell, and afterwards used by himself during the last sad days at Abbotsford. A portrait and a punch-bowl, presents to his cousin, are the sole remaining relics. Revisiting Ashestiel in 1826, Scott wrote in his diary, "Here I passed some happy years. Did I ever pass unhappy years anywhere?" The place was printed deep on his heart, and had he been able to purchase the property, Abbotsford might never have arisen from the swamps of Clarty Hole. At Ashestiel, his fame as a poet rose to its full height, and the locality is therefore more interesting to students of his poetry than any other of the Scott shrines. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," were all written and published during his stay at Ashestiel, and the first chapters of "Waverley" dashed off and laid aside, to be examined some years later, and finally lost sight of until their more momentous appearance in 1813. A knoll, on the adjoining farm of Peel, and overlooking the Peel or Glenkinnon Burn, where Scott is said to have penned large portions of "Marmion," is still known as the "Shirra's Knowe," and another favourite spot is pointed out underneath a tree on the river bank not far from the house. There, looking out towards Neidpath Fell and the "sister heights of Yair," with the "ever-dear Tweed" in pleasant babble at his feet, and the glamour of old romance around him, the great Minstrel sang his immortal lays. It is to be regretted that Ashestiel does not receive the recognition which it ought to have as a prominent Scott landmark. There is reason to fear that Ruskin's taunt may be, after all, only too well founded, that the birthplace of "Marmion" is in danger of being forgotten as a favourite haunt of the most illustrious figure in Scottish literary history.

Within easy reach of Ashestiel lie a number of the best-known shrines of Scott. Innerleithen has long established its claim to be his "St. Ronan's." A mere village of 600 inhabitants when the novel was written, it is now a busy manufacturing centre, with a population of about 4,000. The "Tully-Veolan" of "Waverley" is more than likely to be the history-haunted House of Traquair, on the Tweed further over from Innerleithen. Change has scarcely touched the place. It stands to-day solitary in its old-worldness, no abode in Scotland more quaint and curious, turreted, walled, buttressed, windowed, and loopholed, all as in the olden time. Still is its great gate shut against all intruders, and the fierce Bradwardine Bears frown on as in the years bygone. At Peebles, Scott found his prototype of "Meg Dods"—a "landlady of the olden world," and the "Cleikum Inn," erected in 1653, and altered only slightly, has long been known as the Cross Keys. Scott spent not a few "cheerful days," as he told the Wordsworths, in Neidpath Castle when it was inhabited by Professor Ferguson and his family. It is the scene of his poem, the "Maid of Neidpath," and though in fairly good repair, has long been unoccupied, save by some servant of the present noble proprietor. The Black Dwarf's cottage in the Vale of Manor—Veitch's "sweetest glen of all the South"—is not that in which Scott had, in 1797, the terribly weird interview with David Ritchie, when, strong and fearless man as he was, he became pale as ashes, and his person was agitated in every limb. The present structure



LASSWADE COTTAGE.

Scott's country home during the early years of his married life.

"In approaching the cottage, I was struck with the exceeding air of neatness that prevailed around. The hand of tasteful cultivation had been there, and all methods employed to convert an ordinary thatched cottage into a handsome and comfortable abode. The doorway was in an angle formed by the original old cabin, and the additional rooms which had been built to it."—Joseph Ritson in Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

(Reproduced from "The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," by George G. Napier, M.A., by kind permission of the author and of Messrs. James Maclehose & Sons.)

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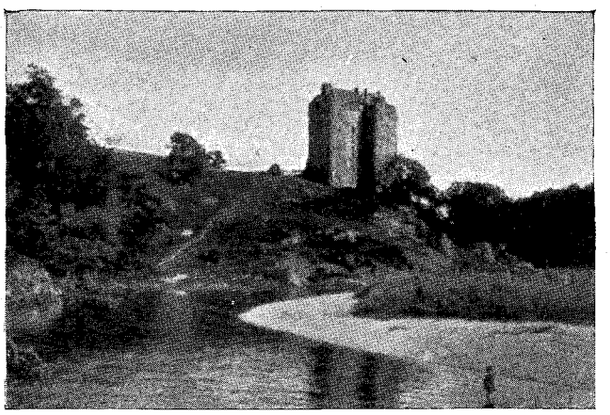


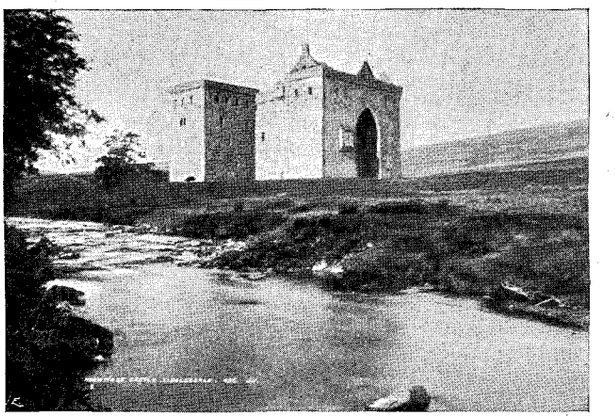
NEIDPATH CASTLE.

There is a tradition that when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence she fell into a consumption, and her father consented that her lover should be recalled.

"O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her love's returning."

—"The Maid of Neidpath."

From a photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.



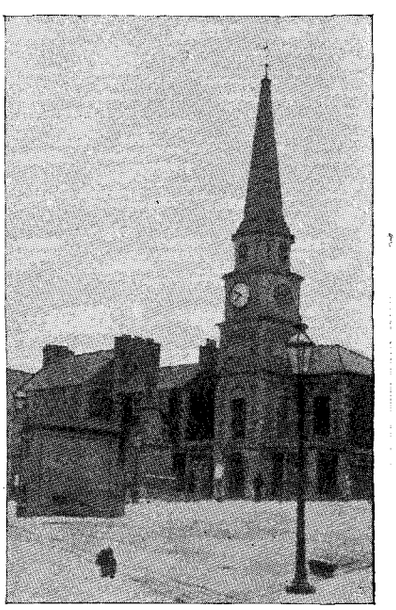
HERMITAGE CASTLE, LIDDESDALE.

"Nothing out of Spain could be more wild or lonely than
'Hermitage in Liddesdale,
Its dungeons and its towers,'
now deserted and ruinous, and tenanted only by hawks, jackdaws, owlets, and corbies. . . . Many deeds of violence of all kinds have taken place there, from the time Lord Soulis treacherously decoyed thither the chief of the Armstrongs, down to the mysterious visit of Queen Mary. The building now appears to be sinking beneath the ground, as if unable to support the load of iniquity accumulated within its walls. Hermitage is much associated with Scott. There the Douglas ring, which he wore, was found, and in the well-known portrait by Raeburn, he is represented as musing among the ruins, with the mountains of Liddesdale introduced as a background."—"The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart." By George G. Napier, M.A.

From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.

was set up in 1802, but the original door and window have been retained. Further up the Tweed, we come to Drummelzier Castle, mentioned in the "Betrothed"; Talla Linns, the scene of a "Heart of Midlothian" incident; and over the watershed, on the Annan side a little, the "deep, black, blackguard-looking abyss" of the Devil's Beef Tub, referred to in the Laird of Summertrees' adventure in "Redgauntlet." At Yarrow Kirk, across the hills from Ashestiel, Scott frequently worshipped. His great-grandfather had been minister of the parish, and the mural tablet to his memory in the back wall he styled the "shrine of my ancestors." The place is hardly at all changed since Scott's day. Doubtless many of the houses in Yarrow and Ettrick stand as Scott saw them during his period of Sheriffship. Blackhouse, the home of "dear Willie" Laidlaw, frequently visited by Scott with Leyden and Skene in their ballad-hunting excursions, has not altered much. Altrieve—Hogg's home—is, however, practically gone, merged in a new building with a new name. Of Mount Benger not a stone is left on another. The Gordon Arms has been much enlarged since Scott and the Shepherd took here their final farewell. Mungo Park's birthplace at Foulshiels is a roofless ruin, and Ettrickhall, near Ettrick Kirk, where Scott first met James Hogg, demolished in 1830, has been recently commemorated by a handsome freestone obelisk.

It is to Abbotsford, however, that one naturally turns in dealing with the homes of Sir Walter. Built between 1811 and 1825, Scott had only, practically speaking, one brief year of comfort and ease of mind in its occupancy. In 1826 came the biggest literary financial failure of the century. Soon afterwards Lady Scott died. Scott's hair began to whiten, and intervals of broken health troubled him keenly. An ugly, filthy spot was the original Abbotsford. Gradually there sprang up the modest villa, with its few enclosed fields. By and by came a larger addition to both house and land, until finally it had grown to baronial proportions—a "romance in stone and lime"—inside and outside a tangible commentary on the nation's history, unrivalled anywhere in the kingdom. Following Scott's death, the place appears to have been somewhat neglected. In 1853, Mr. Hope-Scott, husband of Lockhart's daughter, came into possession, and a new era began. An eminent and wealthy Parliamentary barrister, anxious to make Abbotsford his principal summer residence, he spent large sums on additions and improvements. "An arrangement of access by which visitors might be admitted to the show-rooms was constructed, and for the use of his own family he built, during the years 1855-57, on the east side, a large addition consisting of a chapel, hall, drawing-room, boudoir, and a suite of bedrooms. The old kitchen, with its motto, 'Waste not, want not,' was turned into a linen room, and there was erected a long range of new kitchen offices facing the Tweed, which raised



OLD SHERIFF COURT HOUSE, SELKIRK, where Sir Walter Scott sat when Sheriff of Selkirkshire.

"In ancient times the Sheriffdom of Selkirk was known by the name of the Forest. . . . Although the trees vanished, the name remained, and no one was fonder of using it than Sir Walter, who invariably styled himself Sheriff of Ettrick Forest. For this appointment, which he obtained in 1799, he was indebted to the influence of his kinsman, the Duke of Buccleuch, who was the largest landed proprietor in the district. The duties were light, the salary £300 a year, while the title of Sheriff, or Shirra, invested Scott with almost regal importance in the eyes of the primitive inhabitants of the valleys of the Tweed, Ettrick, and Yarrow.

"That Sir Walter discharged his shrieval duties to the acceptance of the gentlemen of the county is evident from the inscription on his statue, which stands in front of the County Hall of Selkirk, where for thirty years he administered justice:

Erected in August, 1839.
In proud and affectionate remembrance of
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,
Sheriff of this County from 1800 to 1832."

—"The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart." By George G. Napier, M.A.

From a photograph by R. Clapperton, Selkirk.

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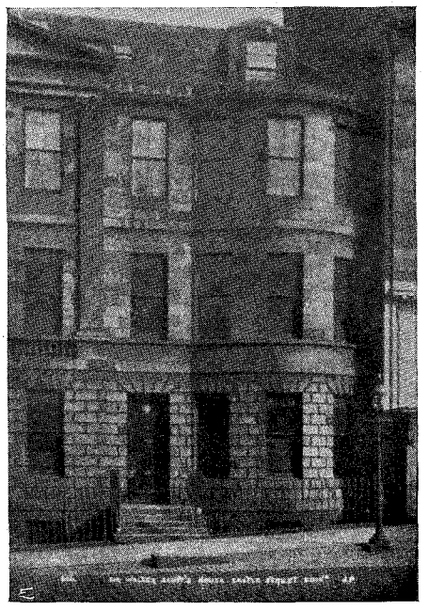


NO. 39, CASTLE STREET, EDINBURGH,
Sir Walter Scott's town residence from 1798, shortly after his marriage, until 1826.

"The business of the Court being over, Scott would depart for his house at 39, North Castle Street. . He did not take long to reach his 'city home,' but sometimes he was so lost in thought that he would enter the adjoining house, and not discover his mistake till hanging up his hat, when he would exclaim, 'Ah! there are oor mony bairns' bonnets here, for this house to be mine.' He delighted in the situation of North Castle Street, and it was often his custom when he took strangers home with him, to stop at the crossing of George Street, and point out to them the great beauty and airiness of the locality. . . His den was behind the dining-room. It was here that he finished 'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering,' and completed in one year 'Peveril of the Peak,' 'Quentin Durward,' and 'St. Ronan's Well.'"—"The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart." By George G. Napier, M.A.

From a photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

the elevation of Scott's edifice and improved the façade of the house from the river. At the same time the avenue was lengthened, a lodge built, and the main road shifted several yards back, thus giving a privacy to the house which it had not possessed in former days." This Hope-Scott extension, in light freestone, is easily recognisable in contrast to the darker hue of Sir Walter's house, which was built of native blue whin.

But Abbotsford must be seen to be understood, and no place, as has been said, is more popular as a tourist centre. Everything has been left very much as in Scott's lifetime, and for the visitor there is the rarest possible treat. The rooms shown, and in this order, are the Study, Library, Drawing-Room, Armoury, and Entrance Hall. The Dining-Room—"his own great parlour"—is not open to the public. Here the final tragedy was played out on that balmy afternoon of 1832—"a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear—the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles—was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

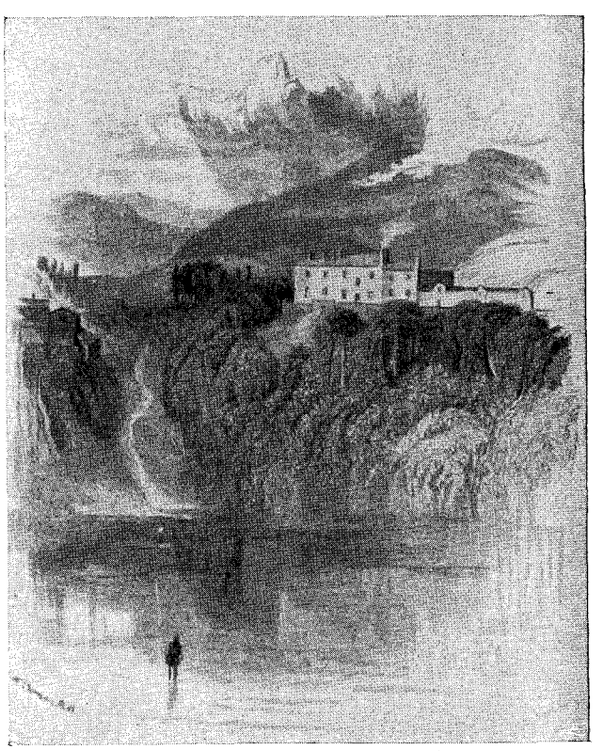
Melrose, the Capital of the Scott Country, and the "Kennaquhair" of the "Monastery," has changed considerably since Scott's day. The modern town may be said to be entirely his creation. Handsome hotels, a palatial Hydropathic, the fine suburban villas on the Weir Hill side, have all sprung up since then. And in summer it is, perhaps, the gayest and most pleasure-haunted place on the Border. The Abbotsford road is crowded with the inevitable coach and waggonette traffic, and a system of motor-cars is said to be under consideration. "St. David's ruined pile," too, has its constant stream, and, thanks to the ducal owner, the structure is as well kept and as well preserved as when the Bard of his clan was its most frequent and most honoured visitor. The like can be said of Dryburgh, where he now sleeps—in picturesqueness and seclusion of situation the most charming monastic ruin in Great Britain.

THE PORTRAITS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By James L. Caw,
Of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh.

NOTHING in Sir Walter Scott's remarkable career is more notable than his capacity for finding time to meet the wishes and even to gratify the whims of friends. Throughout a life full to overflowing with literary labour and professional duties, he seemed to have leisure for everything. And not least is this evident in the number of times he sat for his portrait. Proud and glad of his friendship, his friends were continually asking him to sit to some artist of their acquaintance. Scott shared his favourite staghound's repugnance to posing, for we find him writing in his Diary, apropos of a portrait that Terry the actor wanted, "This is very far from being agreeable. I am as tired of the operation as old Maida, who has been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes"; but he was supremely good-natured, and always willing to oblige a personal friend or a young painter. It is to this that we owe our exceedingly intimate knowledge of his appearance from year to year, a knowledge unequalled in the case of any other author.

Besides many minor sketches, there are fully thirty important portraits of Scott from life, and of a number of these there are several repetitions, for which he gave special sittings. Of originals more than four-and-twenty were exe-



ASHESTIEL.

From a Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

Scott removed from Lasswade to Ashestiel in 1804 and here wrote "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake."

"A more beautiful situation for the residence of a poet could not be conceived. The house was then a small one, but, compared with the cottage at Lasswade, its accommodations were amply sufficient. You approached it through an old-fashioned garden, with holly hedges, and broad, green, terrace walks. On one side, close under the windows, is a deep ravine, clothed with venerable trees, down which a mountain rivulet is heard, more than seen, in its progress to the Tweed. The river is separated from the high bank on which the house stands only by a narrow meadow of the richest verdure. Opposite, and all around, the green hills."

(Reproduced from Lockhart's "Life of Scott," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)

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NEWARK TOWER AND THE RIVER YARROW.

"He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye,
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed.
Whose ponderous grate, and massy bar,
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor."
—"The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

From a photograph by R. Clapperton, Selkirk.

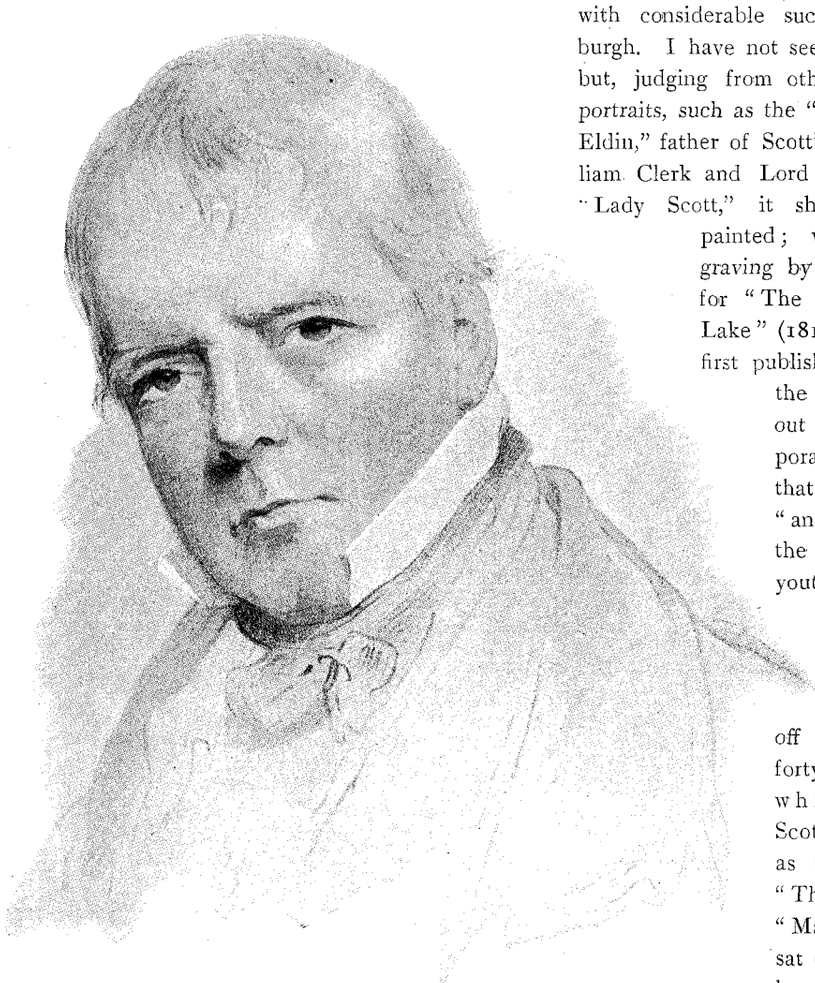
BRANXHOLME TOWER.

"Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds from bower to stall."
—"The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.

cuted during the last fourteen or fifteen years of his life—the busiest of all—indeed, one may say that every year after 1815 was marked by the appearance of at least one new portrait, and probably by sittings for replicas of others.

It was during a visit to Bath, in 1777, that the first known portrait was made. He was only in his sixth year, but the general moulding of the head, with its abnormal height above the eyes, and even of the features, has a strong resemblance to the portraits of his maturity, particularly to the profile drawing by Chantrey, and the Death Mask. The ivory of the original having been cracked, it was given by Mrs. Scott to a relation, from whose family it passed into the hands of David Laing, who in turn bequeathed it to the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, by which body it is now lent to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. The version at Abbotsford is an old copy, as is that which belongs to Mr. John Murray. Twenty years passed before the next authentic portrait, the miniature in Yeomanry uniform, was painted to send to his *fiancée*, Miss Carpenter, on the eve of their wedding. It is well enough in its way, but lacks character, and except for association (it lies in a case in the library at Abbotsford, beside a miniature of Lady Scott, for which it was exchanged) is of little account. Of greater interest is the first portrait in oils, painted, in 1805, by James Saxon, a Manchester artist, who for a while met with considerable success in Edinburgh. I have not seen this picture, but, judging from other of Saxon's portraits, such as the "John Clerk of Eldin," father of Scott's friends, William Clerk and Lord Eldin, or the "Lady Scott," it should be well painted; while the engraving by James Heath for "The Lady of the Lake" (1810)—it was the first published portrait of the poet—bears out the contemporary estimate that it conveyed "an impress of the elasticity and youthful vivacity which Scott used to complain wore off after he was forty." Meanwhile, however, Scott, now famous as the author of "The Lay" and "Marmion," had sat (1808) to Raeburn, at the request of his publisher, Archibald Constable, for the



A PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY JOSEPH SLATER.

This head represents an excellent engraving by R. W. Sievier, of an original sketch by Mr. Slater, in the possession of Sir Robert Henry Inglis, Bart., and published by the artist in 1821.

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CHIEFSWOOD COTTAGE,

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Lockhart in the early years of their married life.

In 1820 the estate was rounded off by the purchase of Burnfoot, whose name was changed to Chiefswood. Here in 1821 Lockhart brought his bride, Sophia Scott, where their happiest married years were spent. Sir Walter was a constant visitor. No place, next to his own house, so attracted him. Many a time he was glad to escape from the "nauseous stir" of Abbotsford to his daughter's quiet and picturesque cottage home. Large portions of "The Pirate" were penned at Chiefswood, and here also Lockhart's own novels were written. Hither came Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, when a youth of twenty, to enlist Lockhart's services for the *Representative*, a London daily which Murray, the publisher, proposed to start. Lockhart, however, declined the post, but was offered instead the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, which he accepted, and removed to London.

(Reproduced from W. S. Crockett's "The Scott Country," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)

full-length which is so well known from the brown mezzotint by Charles Turner (1810). Although Lockhart did not care much for this as a likeness, and it cannot be considered one of its painter's successes, Scott thought highly of it, for, having quarrelled with Constable, he asked if he might have it, and, the request being declined in "most handsome terms," got Raeburn to paint (1809) a replica, for which he gave several sittings. This, which hangs in the Drawing-room at Abbotsford, is in every respect a finer picture than its predecessor, now the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, from which it differs in background and by the introduction of a white and yellow greyhound in addition to "Camp," the bull-terrier, who also figures in Saxon's portrait. The Abbotsford picture has never been engraved, but, through the kindness of the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, Messrs. Jack were able to include a photogravure in their "Edinburgh" edition of the novels, and it is presented with this number of THE BOOKMAN as a separate plate.

Between this Raeburn and the Chantrey bust of 1820 the most important portrait painted was that by Andrew Geddes. Henning produced a drawing and a medallion about 1809; W. Nicholson etched in 1817 a water-colour he had made two years before; in 1817 also Wilkie painted the "Abbotsford Family," which some time ago passed from the Ferguson family, by a member of which it had been commissioned, into the National Gallery of Scotland; and a year later Thomas Phillips, to whom we are indebted for so many portraits of literary and artistic celebrities, executed the picture, in which Sir Walter is depicted in a tartan plaid, which hangs in Mr. Murray's rooms in Albemarle Street. But these are of little interest compared with the Geddes, which is, perhaps, the most convincing, as it is the most artistic, pictorial record of Scott in existence. Probably a study for a very large picture, since ruined by neglect, commemorative of the Discovery of the Scottish Regalia, it was painted about 1818, the year of "The Heart of Midlothian," and shows him at the very height of his powers. His eyes have that curiously dreamy, almost sleepy, look so characteristic of his expression when lost in contemplation, and the mouth holds, as no other painted mouth of his does, the promise of infinite humour, pathos, and good nature. The artist also made a pencil drawing, which has been engraved, and both picture and drawing are to be seen in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

In a paper like this it is obviously impossible to deal in detail with every likeness produced after 1820. That year itself saw Scott in London to receive his baronetcy, and the commencement of two fine portraits. Chantrey, who had made Scott's acquaintance through his Dumfriesshire assistant, Allan Cunningham, asked him to sit, and the result was the charming and characteristic bust which, in Lockhart's opinion, "alone preserves for posterity the cast of expression most fondly remembered by all who ever mingled in his domestic circle." Six years later, as the inscription on the marble records, it was presented by the sculptor to the poet as a token of esteem, and to-day it stands in the niche at the end of the Abbotsford library, where Scott's son placed it the day after his father's funeral. In addition to casts in bronze for Robert Cadell and Allan Cunningham, the sculptor carved a duplicate for Apsley House, and, when he presented the original to Sir Walter, he received sittings for another, which was afterwards acquired by Sir Robert Peel. Quite as interesting in its way is the charming drawing (in the Oxford University Gallery) done by Chantrey at this time, and reproduced by Ruskin in "Fors Clavigera" (xxxi.), as "Walter of the Borderland."

Though less intimate in mood, the Lawrence portrait,

A PORTRAIT OF MRS. J. G. LOCKHART.

Sir Walter Scott's eldest daughter Sophia was married to Mr. John Gibson Lockhart on the 29th of April, 1820.

"Meet emblem of that lightsome spirit thou!
That still, wherever it might come,
Shed sunshine o'er that happy home,
Her task of kindliness and gladness now
Absolved with the element above
Hath mingled and become pure light, pure joy, pure love."

(Reproduced from Lockhart's "Life of Scott," by kind permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.)

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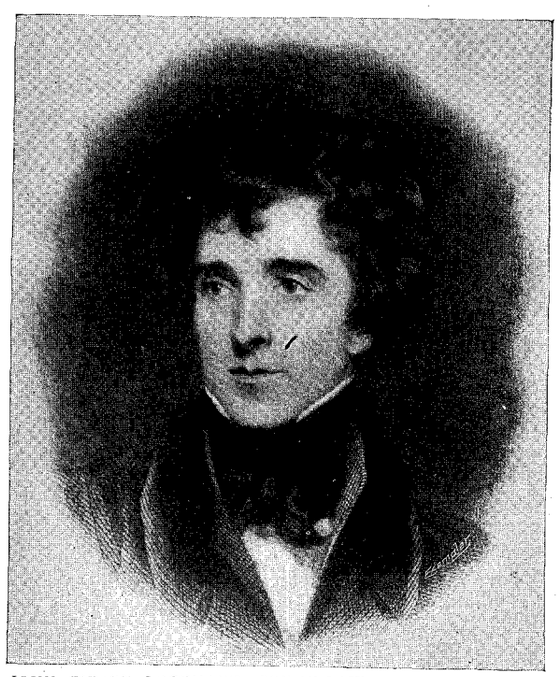
which dates from this visit, is also of first-class importance. To Scott the request to sit came in most flattering form, for Sir Thomas informed him that his was to be the first of a series of the King's most distinguished contemporaries that his Majesty desired to have for Windsor Castle. Scott's opinion, recorded in his Diary for November, 1826, when he gave the President a final sitting, was one of wonder that "Sir Thomas had made so much out of an old weather-beaten block"; and Lockhart thought that, while the picture was finer when the head floated against a sea of dark blank canvas, and the figure was, as it is, somewhat out of scale with the head, the artist had caught with admirable skill one of the loftiest expressions of his sitter's countenance.

In 1822 Sir Henry Raeburn, at the request of Lord Montagu, had a second innings, and produced the singularly massive and powerful head that belongs to the Earl of Home, and several other versions, rather different in arrangement, of which that which he retained for himself (now in Mr. Arthur Sanderson's collection) was admirably engraved in a combination of stipple and line by William Walker. It is to be regretted that the graceful story which makes this the last work of Raeburn's hand will not stand investigation. Joseph's bust, which shows an independent reading of Scott's character, belongs to the following year, and 1824 is remarkable for sittings for at least three new portraits. Newton's, of which versions exist at Abbotsford and Mr. John Murray's, was considered the best domestic portrait ever done; but the other American, Leslie, was less fortunate, and missed the essential character. His commission was from Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, and the portrait painted for him is now in the Boston Gallery; but replicas are owned by Lord Rosebery and in Australia. Wilkie's, which now belongs to Sir Donald Currie, was a study for the big picture of George IV. entering Holyrood—a royal commission—in which Scott figures as the "Bard." The portraits by Maclise (1825), Knight (1826), and Graham Gilbert (1829) need not detain us, although the last represents the "Author of Waverley" in his capacity as President of the Royal Society (Edinburgh), and the first was so popular that the sale of reproductions enabled the artist to set up a studio. 1828, like 1824, produced three portraits, of which Colvin Smith's was such a favourite that the artist was called on for a score of replicas. It is not a great work, however, and Lockhart's opinion was unfavourable. Haydon's, incidentally referred to in the Diary, has disappeared; and that in which "the old wizard, Northcote, who really resembles an animated mummy," represented himself painting Sir Walter, I have only seen in a small version, perhaps that referred to by Allan Cunningham, which, when shown at Glasgow last year, was described as "Sir David Wilkie painting the portrait of Sir Walter Scott"!



JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, SON-IN-LAW AND BIOGRAPHER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Lockhart was endowed with a high order of manly grace, his fine Italian features and dark eyes being inherited from his mother, a lady of exceptional beauty. What the painter failed to portray, Wilson by his pen portrait in the *Noctes* has enabled us in some measure to realise:—

"'Wasna't me that first prophesied his great abeelities when he was only an Oxford Collegian, wi' a pale face and a black toozy head, but an e'e like an eagle's, and a sort o' lauch about the screwed-up mouth o' him, that fules ca'd no canny?'"—"The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," by George G. Napier, M.A.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. John Murray from a portrait in his possession)

Perhaps the last portraits, that show Sir Walter before his heroic struggle to die without debt had broken him down completely, were painted by Sir John Watson Gordon from the original study, in which the head alone is finished, and which the artist always retained, now in the Scottish Portrait Gallery. Of the pictures founded on that study the one painted for Mr. Cadell (now in Lady Foulis's possession) is best known, although a cabinet full-length showing Scott at work is also popular. Some ten years earlier the future President of the R.S.A., then plain John Watson, had painted an excellent seated half-length for Lady Abercorn, which, a few years ago, was secured at Christie's for a long price by Sir William Agnew. Like many of the other portraits, it includes a dog. The Edinburgh Gallery also contains Sir Francis Grant's small full-length, painted at Abbotsford while Scott was dictating "Count Robert of Paris" to Willie Laidlaw; and a most interesting little drawing by Crombie (1831), in which Sir Walter's appearance as he limped about the Edinburgh streets is very happily caught. A similar note is struck in an excellent small full-length that Sir William Allan did for Mr. Blackwood some years before, and to Allan, whom Scott befriended, and set upon lines which give him an important place in the history of Scottish painting, we are also indebted for the last portrait from life. A cabinet-sized canvas representing him reading a proclamation of Queen Mary's, it was shown in the Royal Academy of 1832 a few months before Scott returned from Italy to die within sound of his beloved Tweed.

Hanging in the National Portrait Gallery beside Allan's picture is a very attractive and vital oil sketch by Landseer, painted a year or two after Scott's death, but founded on close intimacy and sketches from life. And with mention of this and of the curiously fascinating death-mask, which lies in a little room off the study in Abbotsford, this brief summary of the principal portraits of Sir Walter Scott must close.

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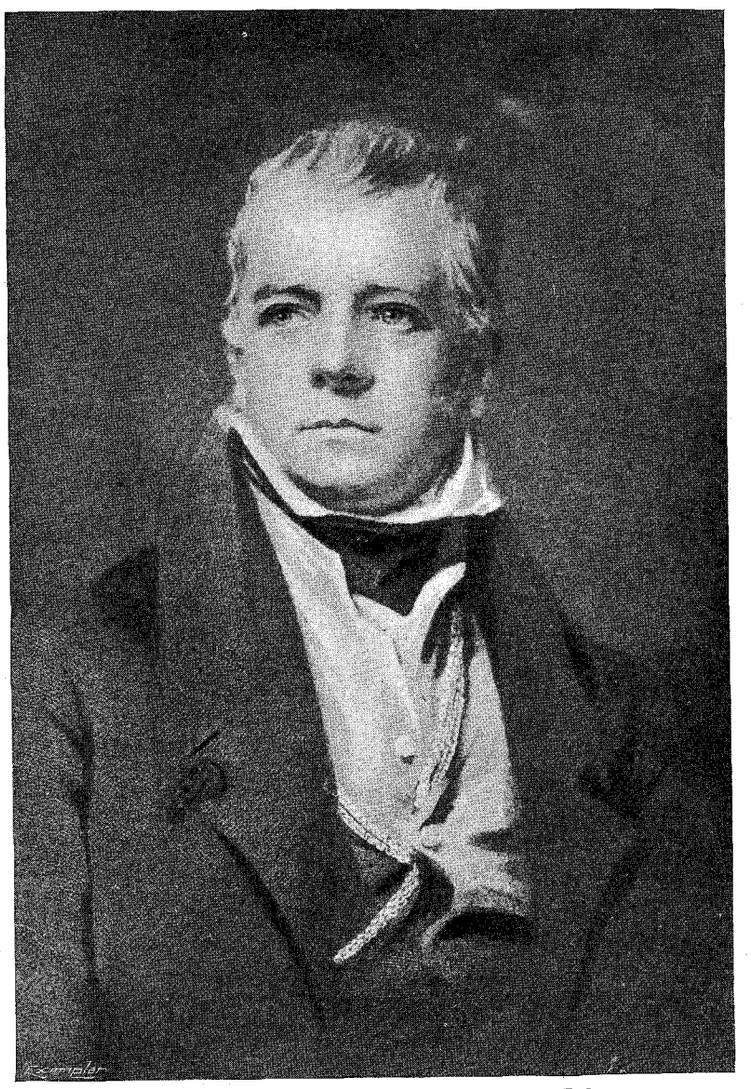
New Books.

ULYSSES.*

Admirers of Mr. Phillips will, in my judgment, be doing him an unfriendly kindness, and paying a poor compliment to "Paolo and Francesca," if they allow the occasional beauties of this new play and the almost constant dignity of its versification to blind them to its radical defect as a work of art. Praise is pleasant to utter and has its uses; but of praise (if one seek no farther than the press-notices collected at the end of this volume) Mr. Phillips has already received enough to last him for some while, and carry him over a mistake or two without discouragement. For, like other fine artists, he must make his mistakes, and "Ulysses" is surely one.

As a drama it has the capital fault of being all but utterly undramatic; and to construct an undramatic drama upon the Odyssey seems a superfluously naughty error after the greatest writer who ever treated of poetics has been at pains to take this very subject to illustrate the difference between drama and epic. "In drama," says Aristotle, "the episodes are short, but it is from these that the Epic takes its length. Thus the story of the Odyssey can be shortly stated. A certain man is away from home for many years, harried by Poseidon, and without a comrade. At home, meanwhile, it has come to this—wooers are wasting his substance and plotting to his son's hurt. At length he returns weather-beaten, reveals who he is, sets upon and destroys his enemies, and is himself preserved. This is the essence: the rest is episode." And the common-sense of this (one would think) must be recognised by every poet who sets out to make a play upon Ulysses—as Mr. Bridges, for instance, recognised it. But, fascinated by the romantic beauty of certain episodes, Mr. Phillips has attempted to force them into a unity they cannot bear, and the result seems to me disastrous.



SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN.

"A head by Sir Henry Raeburn—a massive strong likeness, heavy at first sight, but which grows into favour upon better acquaintance—the eyes very deep and fine."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.

Moreover—as one sin leads to another when the principles of any form of art are forgotten—he has tacked on a Prologue in which the gods upon Olympus discuss the hero's destiny, and by which—to speak vulgarly—the whole show is given away. I pass the quality of the humour; though to my thinking the fun of an amorous and thirsty Zeus has long since been exhausted, and it were usefuller to remember that the Pater Optimus Maximus was a great god and a gentleman in his day. I am sure, at any rate, it were usefuller for the playwright to remember this, unless he intend farce; for if you start by making your gods play the fool, you cannot proceed to claim a high seriousness for the doings of mortals under their controlling hands. The Prologue, in short, suggests nothing so much as pantomime, with Athene and Poseidon in place of the Good Fairy and the Wicked Demon. And it gives the whole drama away; for while drama may concern itself with the resistance of men and women against a doom we foresee, no sensible audience will waste emotion on a man in pursuit of good fortune already decreed and bound to be his somehow.

The Odyssey contains indeed one episode, dramatic in itself, which might conceivably be woven into the true plot. Calypso is the first of those immortal ladies hungry for a mortal's love who descend to us, like "pretty maids all in a row" through a long line of romance—the Tannhaüser legend, the stories of Morgan le fay, the Lady of the Lake, Sir Launfal, and at least one Japanese fairy-tale. Given this doting immortal, a faithful wife at home, and a man with distracted heart between them, we have matter enough for that conflict of will, of desire and duty, which is the essence of good drama. And when the curtain rises upon Calypso's isle we start with revived hopes, which Mr. Phillips very promptly disappoints. For there is no real conflict of will in Ulysses. He is entirely bemused, and his home to him "a far faint place." Then comes Hermes with the gods' message. At once Ulysses comes out of his dream and longs to depart, and Calypso without a struggle allows him: which is Homeric, no doubt, but scarcely dramatic. She says she is very sorry; which is natural, but again, dramatically, a trifle inadequate. After this we feel but a languid shock on meeting our hero at the gate of Hades. Why comes he here? For no discoverable reason except that the gods wish to test him, and how he satisfies that test is not evident. His own conception of the business seems to be that the shades ought to satisfy his belated thirst for news of Penelope. But he takes all opportunities to inform them that, woeful as their sufferings may seem, his are worse: "Is Tantalus thirsty? So am I. Do the dead Lovers burn? With no worse a fire than consumes me, I assure you. Does Sisyphus roll a stone? Why, it's a coincidence! There is no torment here that is not mine." The man reminds us of Cowper's Sensitive Plant—

> "Your feelings in their full amount
> Are all upon their own account."

This is not Homer's Ulysses. And when he meets the souls

* "Ulysses." A Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (London: John Lane. 1902.)

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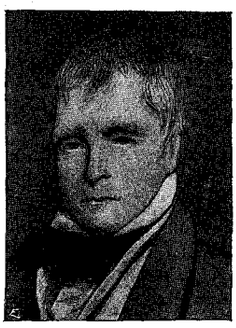

SIR WALTER SCOTT,

From a Painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A., 1824.

"Sir Walter gave sittings to C. R. Leslie, R.A., in 1824. This portrait, which was painted for the author's American friend, Mr. Ticknor, represents the great writer seated in a carved armchair, with right hand resting on a walking-stick. . . . . Unfortunately Leslie listened to the advice of some wiseacre who thought the mouth might be improved. In giving effect to this suggestion the artist spoiled the picture, for he never again hit the correct expression."—F. G. Kitton, in the *Magazine of Art.*

From the Collection of Augustin Rischgitz, London, W.

of infants sobbing, "We have lost our way! Show us the grassy fields!" and answers, "I cannot bring you, children, to those flowers," he is not even Mr. Phillips' own Ulysses. He is Mr. Beerbohm Tree reciting "There is a happy land" with tears in his voice.

Enough of fault-finding. The last Act, in which we come back to the essential story, is drama, and we read it with that holding of the breath which salutes the drama.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE,

Painted for King George IV. in 1820, and now in the Corridor at Windsor Castle.

"Sir Thomas has caught and fixed with admirable skill one of the loftiest expressions of Scott's countenance at the proudest period of his life; to the perfect truth of the representation, everyone who ever surprised him in the act of composition at his desk, will bear witness."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From the Collection of Augustin Rischgitz, London, W.

THE HEAD OF SIR WALTER SCOTT IN OILS,

Painted for Mr. Murray by Thomas Phillips, R.A., 1818.

"The costume was, I think, unfortunately selected—a tartan plaid and open collar. This gives a theatrical air to what would otherwise have been a very graceful representation of Scott in the forty-seventh year of his age. Mr. Phillips has caught a true expression not hit upon by any of his brethren—a smile of gentle enthusiasm."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From the Collection of Augustin Rischgitz, London, W.

And at this time of day it hardly needs saying that the book contains splendid passages—as when Penelope laments her waiting—

"Others return, the other husbands, but
Never for me that sail on the sea-line,
Never a sound of oars beneath the moon,
Nor sudden step beside me at midnight:
Never Ulysses! Either he is drowned,
Or his bones lie on the mainland in the rain."

or when her passion breaks forth and cries—

"Why am I fresh and young, if not for thee?
Come! come, Ulysses! Burn back through the world!
Come, take the broad seas in one mighty leap,
And rush upon this bosom with a cry,
Ere 'tis too late, at the last, last instant—come!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY JOHN GRAHAM, 1829.

Sir Walter Scott was elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in November, 1820. The Society, instituted in 1783, having commenced to form a series of portraits of the several Presidents, as an ornament to their hall in the Royal Institution Buildings, this of Scott in 1829 was added to the number.

Yet for all its procession of lovely scenes, its aura of romance, its felicity of diction, the poem will endure, at the best, as a beautiful thing imposed upon an art in which it has no root.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

MR. ROSE'S NAPOLEON.*

To write a satisfactory life of Napoleon is, perhaps, the most difficult task that an historian can undertake. No man ever told more lies than Napoleon told; no man ever had more lies told about him. The enemy of almost every vested interest not created by himself, a man who despised, insulted, and oppressed professional writers and talkers, to all nationalities (except the French and Italian), a bitter and open foe, the Emperor was a target at whom millions shot their calumnies. On the other hand, as founder of a new France and Italy, as the greatest general of modern times, and one of the greatest men who have ever lived, the Corsican who dominated France, conquered Europe, and threatened to subvert the British Empire naturally attracted to himself a host of fanatical admirers whose interests and convictions led them to glorify their hero, and to deny, suppress, or mangle the truth wherever it was inconvenient that it should be established. When, in addition, it is remembered that, unlike the careers of Alexander and Cæsar, Napoleon's can be studied day by day and almost hour by hour, the task of arriving at just conclusions on his character, aims, and achievements may well seem to be one transcending the capacity of any single person. The ablest and most hardworking judge would here shrink aghast at the masses of evidence to be tested and weighed; which, however, is no reason why an historian should not do his best both to bring the facts to light and, as far as he can, to frame provisional judgments on them. The world insists on knowing all that there is to be known about Napoleon; and historians who, like Mr. Rose, M. Houssaye, or Professor Sloane, honestly attempt to supply the world's demand, are doing good and worthy work. Lives of Napoleon exist by the score, and will continue to be published. That those books from which most people gather their impressions of the man who (as Emerson rightly said), set up a standard of conduct for human beings—a standard which has been very widely adopted—should be the work of advocates, like

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR J. WATSON GORDON, R.A.

This portrait was painted by Sir John Watson Gordon, R.A., during the later period of Sir Walter's life. It is uncertain how many such portraits he actually painted. The Catalogue of the Scott Centenary Exhibition mentions six separate pictures, of which the one painted for Mr. Cadell in 1830 was considered the most important.

* "The Life of Napoleon I." Including New Materials from the British Official Records. By John Holland Rose, M.A. 2 vols. 18s. net. (*London*: George Bell and Sons, 1902.)

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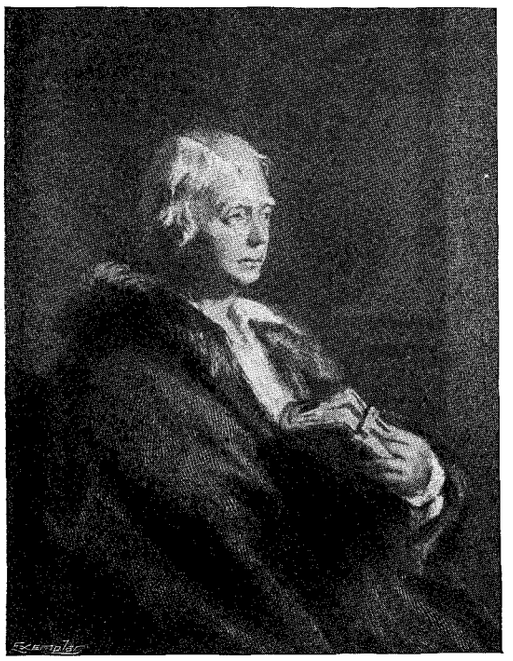
Thiers, Lanfrey, Seeley, or Taine is most deplorable, and Mr. Rose, by offering a substitute for the mirage-histories of Napoleon, deserves our cordial thanks. In English, Professor



SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

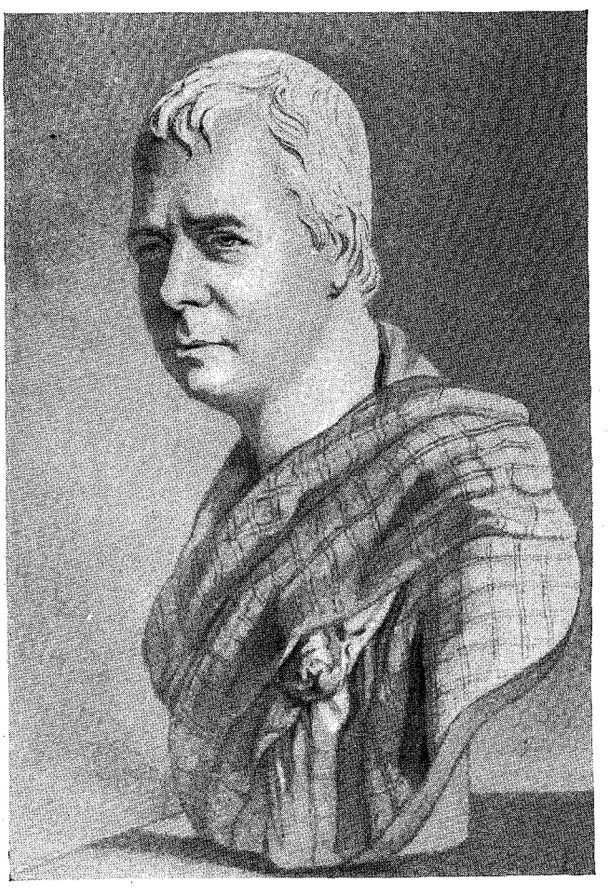
From an Engraving by Edward Smith.

George the Fourth, in the view of commemorating his reception by the Scottish nobility and gentry at His Majesty's entrance to the Palace of Holyrood, August 15th, 1822, gave Wilkie a commission for a painting of this memorable event. Wilkie writes, "The head of Walter Scott I am proceeding with. It comes better than I expected. I have ordered a frame, and I hope to have it nearly done by the time you see it. Indeed, upon the subject of working you have in your kindness given me great encouragement."

From the Collection of Augustin Rischgitz, London, W.

Sloane had already provided a substitute, but, as the latter gives no references to his authorities, Mr. Rose's history is, for students at all events, the more useful book. It is written in a bright style, and shows that Mr. Rose has that gift of historical imagination without which no satisfactory account of Napoleon can be composed. Moreover, Mr. Rose produces several new documents which (especially the papers relating to Napoleon's schemes of Colonial expansion) bring the Emperor's career into more accurate perspective. Mr. Rose has read widely round the episodes which he describes and, consequently, does not place Napoleon in front of a background filled with angels or devils. To Mr. Rose Revolutionary France is neither a Paradise nor an Inferno; the Courts of Europe neither homes of Arcadian simplicity nor dens of Machiavellian intrigue. As he says himself, he has "tried to write true history," and whatever defects there are in his Life of Napoleon, cannot be attributed to prejudice, or, as in the case of Taine, to an exaggerated belief in his own powers of discrimination.

As has been pointed out, Mr. Rose's "Life" is not, in the nature of things, more than a provisional judgment on Napoleon. Some obvious defects should be removed when —(it is not likely that this is far off)—the public require Mr. Rose to revise it. For example, in future editions one may suggest that all passages based only on Bourrienne's "Memoirs" should be rigorously excluded, or, if not excluded, that the reference should in every instance be given, Bourrienne was dismissed from the post of Secretary to Napoleon, because he was dishonest; Bourrienne died in an asylum; and, were his Memoirs (as it is very improbable that they were) concocted by himself, they certainly were concocted years after the events which they purport to narrate. If what the soldier (Mr. Rose is highly sceptical about the truth of Marbot's and Ségur's Memoirs) said is no evidence, how much less is that evidence which is said to have been said by a thief, perhaps already a madman! Mr. Rose, himself, does not believe in Bourrienne. Why, then, where there are so many first-rate authorities, quote or rely on him? If the Correspondence of Alexander the Great and his Generals existed, Quintus Curtius would only be referred to in footnotes. At any rate, if Bourrienne is to be retained no statement of his should be incorporated without a reference to the authority. To take an instance of the evil effect of adopting a contrary course. In recounting Napoleon's voyage to Egypt Mr. Rose observes that "on one occasion, when religion was being discussed, Bonaparte sounded a deeper note: Looking up into the midnight vault of sky, he said to the philosophizing atheists, 'Very ingenious, sirs, but who made all that'?" No authority for the anecdote is furnished, and, if Mr. Rose has any other than Bourrienne's (the story occurs in Bourrienne's "Memoirs") it should have been given. Napoleon at St. Helena declared (if Las Cases is exact) that "On croit à Dieu parceque tout le proclame autour de nous, et que les plus grands esprits y ont cru; non seulement Bossuet, dont c'était le métier, mais encore Newton, Leibnitz, qui n'y avaient que faire; mais on ne sait que penser de la doctrine qu'on nous enseigne, et nous nous trouvons la montre qui va sans connaître son horloger." For the purpose of confounding his savants in the eyes of some sailors Napoleon may have said, "who made all that?" It is much more probable that the anecdote is a mere fabrication; certainly, to lay stress on it is to give a false notion of Napoleon's intellect. The same criticism which applies to Bourrienne applies also to other authorities cited by Mr. Rose. The "de Pradts" and "de Rémusats" may be telling the truth, but the chances are greatly against it. Mr. Rose, who, in the main, has such sound notions on the question of evidence, should get rid of them. In their stead he might draw from a book like the "Vie Militaire du Général Foy," which contains amongst other things Foy's account of his celebrated interviews with Napoleon on the affairs of Spain and Portugal in 1810-11; and Foy's comments on Waterloo. As Foy until those interviews was at heart a staunch Republican, and was never at any period a fanatical



THE CHANTREY BUST OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1820.

"Scott sat to Sir Francis Chantrey for that bust which alone preserves for posterity the cast of expression most fondly remembered by all who ever mingled in his domestic circle. Chantrey's purpose had been the same as Lawrence's—to seize a poetical phasis of Scott's countenance; and he proceeded to model the head as looking upwards, gravely and solemnly. . . . An hour or two of social chat had meanwhile induced Mr. Chantrey to alter his views as to the bust. He took a string, cut off the head of the bust, put it into its present position, touched the eyes and the mouth slightly, and wrought such a transformation upon it, that when Scott came to his third sitting, he smiled and said, 'Ay, ye're mair like yerself now! Why, Mr. Chantrey, no witch of old ever performed such cantrips with clay as this.'"—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

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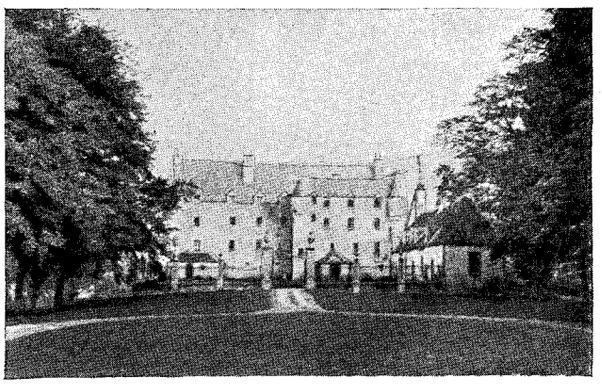
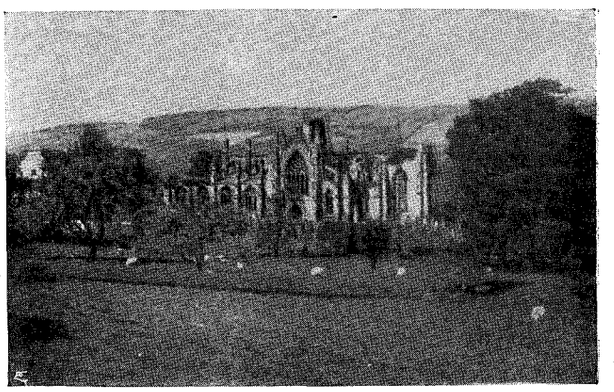


"TRAQUAIR HOUSE."

"The house, which seemed to consist of two or three high, narrow, and steep-roofed buildings, projecting from each other at right angles, formed one side of the enclosure. It had been built at a period when castles were no longer necessary, and when the Scottish architects had not yet acquired the art of designing a domestic residence. The windows were numberless, but very small; the roof had some nondescript kind of projections, called bartizans, and displayed at each frequent angle a small turret, rather resembling a pepper-box than a Gothic watch-tower. Neither did the front indicate absolute security from danger. There were loopholes for musketry, and iron stanchions on the lower windows, probably to repel any roving band of gipsies, or resist a predatory visit from the Caterans of the neighbouring Highlands."—"Waverley."

From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.



MELROSE ABBEY.

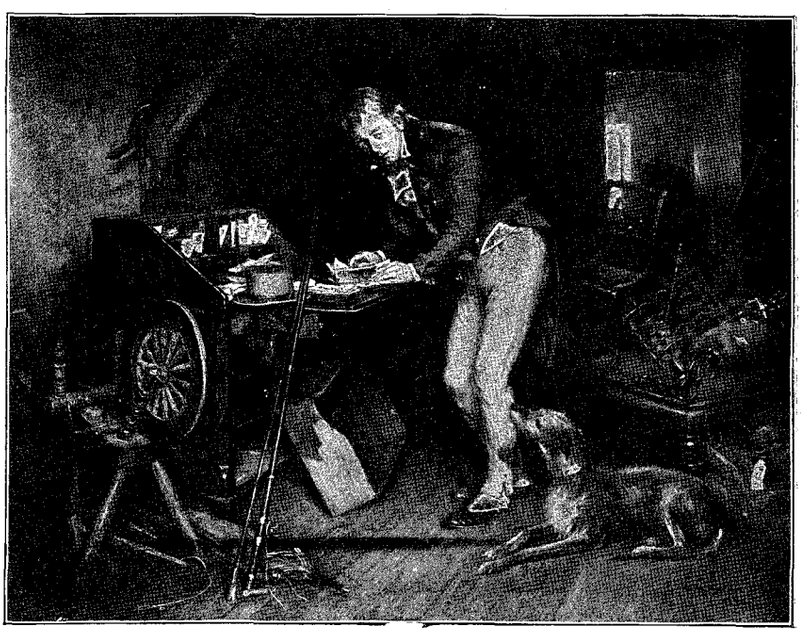
"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
. . . . . .
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!"
—"The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.

Bonapartist, he can be trusted. Foy clears up many things. Thus Mr. Rose in his account of the Waterloo campaign does not allow quite enough for the fact that Wellington was commanding an army which could not be used by itself for offensive purposes against Napoleon. It was possible that Wellington might see his Dutch and Belgian troops fly or go over to Napoleon, whose strategy and tactics, it is clear from Foy, seem to have been chiefly dictated by this consideration. What would have been the result of Waterloo, if the imposing cavalry charges of the French had driven the allies of the English off the field? Wellington with a comparatively small body of English troops, many of whom were recruits, would have been left facing Napoleon, while the bulk of the Prussians would have been in the broken ground between Wavre and the field of Waterloo. If Grouchy had taken Wavre, the Prussian army would have had its only retreat cut, and Napoleon breaking off his battle with the remains of Wellington's army, would have fallen on the troops whom he had beaten two days before at Ligny, and whom Grouchy was attacking from behind. After the event Napoleon may have complained that Grouchy did not march on Waterloo, but, until it was clear that Wellington's whole army would stand firm, did Napoleon want or expect the Marshal?

A few minor criticisms: Mr. Rose has retained the old-fashioned spelling of Davout's name, who appears throughout as "Davoust," and he has omitted to mention the Marshal's success at Mohilev—one of the few successes gained by the French in the Russian Campaign of 1812. The conclusions of Mr. Rose on Napoleon's youthful essay, "What truths and sentiments ought to be inculcated to men for their happiness?" are not very sound. To assert that the "essay is the apotheosis of social mediocrity"; and that "by Procrustean methods he would have forced mankind back to the dull levels of Sparta" is surely going too far. Napoleon, as always, has an eye to the practical, and he was thinking of what would be happiness for the average man and not for the cultured few; he was contemplating a society and not an individual. The essay, whatever may be said of its style, is a piece of fine, sane reasoning which, unlike most essays on political subjects, might be of some value to a legislator. In his narrative of "18 Brumaire," Mr. Rose assumes that Napoleon lost his head; the evidence that he did so is very suspicious. In his description of Austerlitz Mr. Rose does not appear to be aware that Colonel Stoffel (whose admirable warnings from Berlin to Napoleon III. and historical researches entitle him to a hearing on such matters) throws doubt on the fact of the manœuvre by which masses of the allies were driven on to a frozen lake and, through the French artillery breaking the ice, drowned. Colonel Stoffel believes this to be a "bulletin" episode.* Mr. Rose is not too satisfactory in his story of the Battle of Bautzen, which was, perhaps, the most momentous battle of the Napoleonic era. Has he any grounds for rejecting (as he does by ignoring)

* "Histoire de Jules César," Vol. II., p. 248.



FINDING THE MS. OF "WAVERLEY."

From the picture by C. M. Hardie, R.S.A.

"Shortly after Scott settled at Ashestiel he began the writing of the first of what was destined to be the most marvellous series of prose romances in the English language. He had thrown together, he tells us, about one-third of the first volume of 'Waverley,' and had got John Ballantyne to advertise it as a forthcoming publication, when he cast the manuscript aside, chiefly on the advice of his friend William Erskine (afterwards Lord Kinnedder), who had sharpened his critical knife rather keenly over it. For five years the manuscript lay untouched. It seems to have been shown to James Ballantyne about 1810, but was lost sight of again for other three years; *indeed, Scott had no recollection of its whereabouts. It was not until the summer of 1813* that by a mere accident the missing sheets were discovered, the author's thoughts at the time being centred on a supply of fishing-tackle for a friend. No sooner, however, did his eye light upon them in the old 'odds-and-ends' bureau in the lumber-room at Abbotsford, than he set himself with rekindled enthusiasm to complete the story. This he did within an incredibly short space of time, dashing off the last two volumes during the evenings of three summer weeks. 'Waverley' was published anonymously on July 7th, 1814, with what result is well known."

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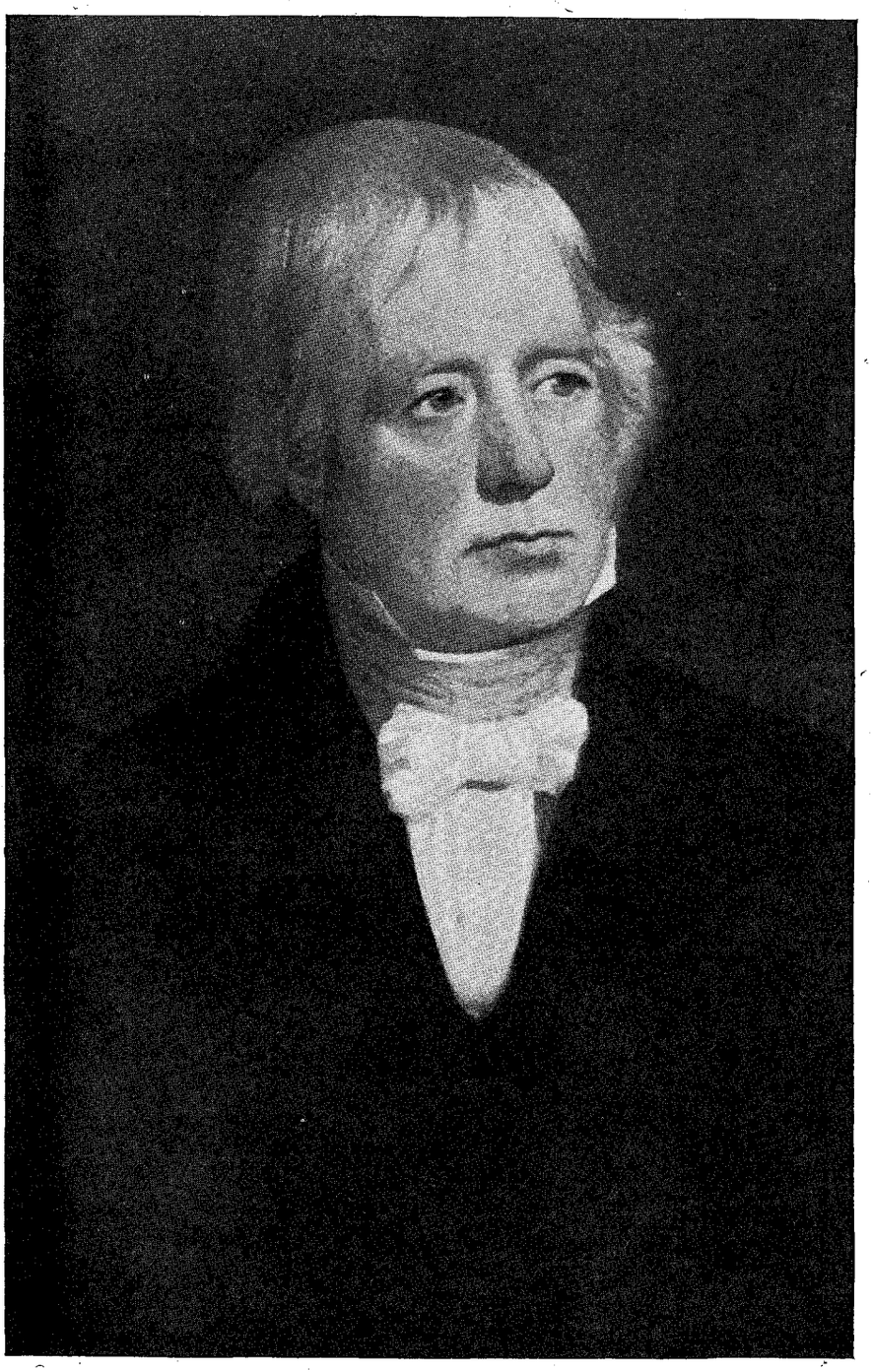

SIR WALTER SCOTT, FROM A PORTRAIT BY JOHN GRAHAM (AFTERWARDS GRAHAM GILBERT).

The artist retained in his own collection a duplicate of his portrait painted in 1829. It was presented by his widow, in 1867, to the National Portrait Gallery. In this repetition the head has rather a square look; there is no silver guard-chain round his neck, nor a book in his right hand. In other respects, the two paintings are alike.

the current view that Ney was responsible for the battle not being a second Austerlitz? Nor is his condemnation of Napoleon's policy of refusing in 1813 to surrender part of his conquests just. Napoleon recognised—and had good grounds for recognising—that nothing short of a surrender of all his conquests would really satisfy the Allies. Judging from his own transactions with Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and from the partitions of Poland, it seemed certain that the moment he was too old to make war his Empire would be promptly invaded.

In conclusion one would like, again, to thank Mr. Rose for his excellent book. The chapter on the French Colonial Empire is admirable. Mr. Rose, it is to be noted, takes a sensible view on the supposed persecution of Napoleon, and the undoubted persecution of Sir Hudson Lowe at St. Helena.

J. B. RYE.

PRINCIPLES OF WESTERN CIVILISATION.*

In the present volume Mr. Kidd pursues the same lines of thought and employs the same method and means of investi-

* "Principles of Western Civilisation." By Benjamin Kidd, author of "Social Evolution." 15s. net. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

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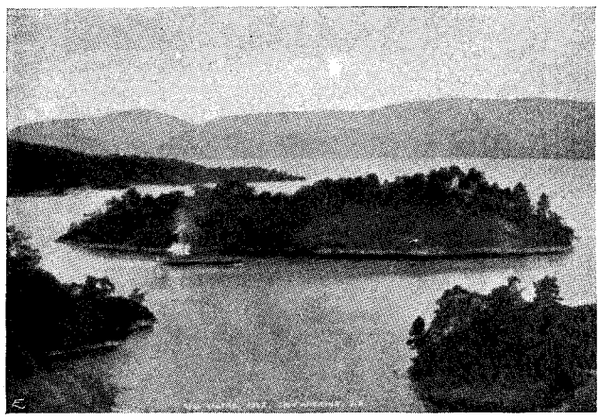
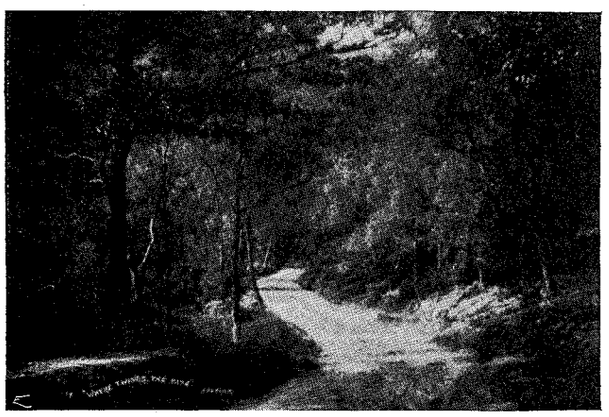


LOCH KATRINE.

"The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye."
—"The Lady of the Lake."

From a photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.



WHERE TWINES THE PATH.

"'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden showed
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground."
—"The Lady of the Lake."

From a photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

gation as those with which he startled the public in his "Social Evolution." His purpose in expounding certain principles of Western civilisation is to lift the theory of society to a higher plane than that on which it was treated by Bentham, the Mills, and in general the sociologists of the past; and in particular to show that their systems being dominated by the idea of present advantage to the individual are already obsolescent, and are doomed to be replaced by theories of wider range. Our social development is governed by the great laws which have been discovered as governing biological evolution; and in order to understand where we are sociologically and the change that is passing and must pass on society and theories of society we must first understand the change that has taken place in the hypothesis of evolution since it left the hands of Darwin. By the first promulgators of the doctrine attention was drawn to the fact that evolution works solely by and for the good of each being. The interests of the presently living creature were shown to be paramount. Since Darwin, however, another aspect of his great theory has come into view, and in a variety of ways it has been brought out that the winning qualities in the evolutionary process must of necessity be those qualities by which the interests of the individual have been most effectively *subordinated to those of the generations yet to be born*. Thus, while Bentham says: "The interest of the community is the sum of the interests of the several members who compose it," Evolution says, "The science of human society must be the science of the principles through which the whole visible world around us is subordinated to the ends of a process in which the interests of the individual and of the present alike form a scarcely perceptible link." That is to say, the evolutionary process would seem to have in view as its end, not the advantage of the individual or his contemporaries, but a larger advantage in the future, and to this the present and the individual are alike subordinated. It is the interests of future generations which control the whole evolutionary process, and for which the present and the individual must be sacrificed. And, according to Mr. Kidd, the transition from the old theory of society to the new is not the mere superseding of a defective theory by one that is more adequate, but is the mark of our passing from one epoch to another in the intellectual history of the world.

A theory of history must be tested by the facts of history. Is it on these lines and under this law that the history of our race has been developed? If there is inherent in the evolutionary process a necessity of transferring the controlling centre of human consciousness from the interests of the individual and the present to those of the future and of the race, then the history of the world will be found to be the history of "a development in which we are concerned with a creature moving by inherent necessity towards a consciousness no longer merely local, or national, or political, but cosmic, and from whom the subordination in progress must, in the last resort, be demanded in terms of his own mind." Mr. Kidd is at his best in reading the history under the light of this law. He describes with commendable lucidity the first epoch of Western civilisation, in which the political organisation was everything, and in which the individual was subordinated to the state. He then passes to the second epoch, during which, and mainly under the influence of Christianity, society is itself subordinated with all its interests to the future. His sketch of the struggle, begun after the Christian era and continued still, between the lower and the higher stage of social development is graphic and striking, while his exposure of the radical weakness of a system based on *laissez faire* and competition is convincing.

Whether as a whole the argument will commend itself to specialists, time will show. Is it a mare's nest or is it a discovery? It is no discovery to perceive that the peoples which take the largest view of the future, and live for it, are likeliest to be found alive in the future. But to recognise this

RHYMER'S GLEN.

"We had first to cross, and then to wind down the banks of the Huntly burn, the scene of old Thomas the Rhymer's interview with the Queen of the Fairies. Before entering this little glen, he (Scott) detained us on the heath above till he had related the whole of that romantic story, so that by the time we descended the path, our imaginations were so worked upon by the wild nature of the fiction, and still more by the animation of the narrator, that we felt ourselves treading upon classical ground; and though the day was cold, the path muddy and scarcely passable, owing to the late floods, and the trees all bare, yet I do not remember ever to have seen any place so interesting as the skill of this mighty magician had rendered this narrow ravine, which in any other company would have seemed quite insignificant."—Captain Hall's Journal in Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From a photograph by Jno. Clapperton, Galashiels.

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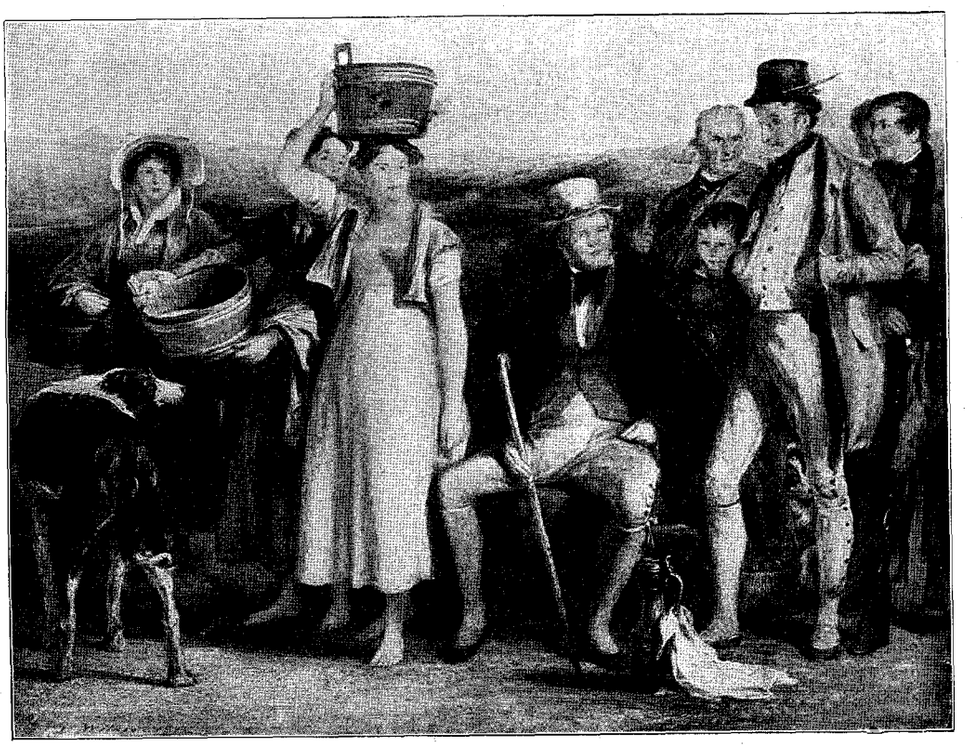
as a necessary element in the evolutionary process is at any rate interesting. It presents history and sociology in a new aspect, and gives us a fresh thread to guide us into their labyrinths. And as a protest against materialistic socialism it may have some effect.

In the style of Mr. Kidd's book there is great room for improvement. The glamour with which he invests the dull science, the ease with which he handles philosophical and scientific problems, the skill with which he marshals his facts, and the sweep of his generalisations may be freely granted. And we are glad to see that this is but the "first volume of a system of evolutionary philosophy." But he cannot be cleared of the charge of inordinate and unmerciful prolixity and a certain grandiosity, if we may not say, bombast of language. Why should a serious writer so continually call attention to the unparalleled and surprising character of the discoveries he is unfolding? In minor matters of mere vocabulary, too, he is sometimes irritating, as in his persistent use of "distinguish" for "perceive." Nevertheless, there are elements of greatness both in style and in thought. MARCUS DODS.



"THE ABBOTSFORD FAMILY," BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

In the National Gallery of Scotland.

"The idea which our inimitable Wilkie adopted, was to represent our family group in the garb of south-country peasants, supposed to be concerting a merry-making, for which some of the preparations are seen. The place is the terrace near Kayside, commanding an extensive view towards the Eildon Hills. 1. The sitting figure, in the dress of the miller, I believe, represents Sir Walter Scott, author of a few scores of volumes, and proprietor of Abbotsford, in the county of Roxburgh. 2. In front, and presenting, we may suppose, a country wag, somewhat addicted to poaching, stands Sir Adam Ferguson, Knight, Keeper of the Regalia of Scotland."—Letter from Sir Walter Scott to Sir Adam Ferguson, dated Abbotsford, 2nd August, 1827.

(Reproduced from "Sir David Wilkie" in the "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture" Series, by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons.)

THE AGE OF WALPOLE.*

If, as Carlyle often said, the French Revolution was "the grand universal suicide of a despicable century," then, I take it, the Georgian Era should have made the heart of the fire. Any more despicable years, from an ideal point of view, than the half-century between 1715 and 1765 it would not be easy to pluck out of the mud; their historian is Hogarth, their habitat Gin Lane, their epic "The Rake's Progress." Mr. Wilkins has already given us a prelude to them in his account of the Königsmark mystery, where, with copious aid of documents and a cool yet penetrating glance, he surveys these Hanoverians at home. He has now followed up an undoubted success in the stately volumes which are dedicated, we must say it, to a forgotten Queen and a tragedy as burlesque as it is horrible. Caroline of Anspach, to quote Carlyle once more, was "wisdom's self in a manner"; illustrious, if she had her due, but certainly wretched. "I have never passed a day without suffering," cried this unhappy woman, stoical as a Red Indian at all times, yet compelled by sheer agony to utter that moan. A Brandenburg Princess, not without good looks, amazingly clever, far from the orthodox Protestant beliefs, yet refusing to buy the Imperial German crown with what was left of her Lutheranism; and then, in the oddest of love matches, giving herself to George, afterwards second of that name, whom his cousin Frederick William laughed at as "der Comödiant," the Valentine that had snatched a bride from him, the Prussian Orson,—had this lady but lived through such a youth, she was fit for the biographical or the story-telling pen. But it is her married life in England that heightens and darkens, amid vuglar incidents, the Hogarth-like drama of which her death and funeral, and George's grim visit to her coffin, furnish the last uncanny scenes. We might christen the tale "Romeo and Juliet" done into Low German.

A feasting presence full of horror, yet with frivolous, literary or Court associations that have drawn to it remarkable students and brought forth books as brilliant as Thackeray's "Four Georges," as gruesome as Hervey's "Memoirs." Sketched for general reading, with fresh correspondence from German pigeon-holes, with photographs of stout royal mediocrities, with Versailles-like illustrations of Herrenhausen and Charlottenburg, with comic and not always choice stanzas from the society or street verse of a most free-spoken London, the story trips along, not draggling more than it can help the hem of its garments in a very foul gutter. Sensible, calm, good-tempered, much an admirer of Queen Caroline, but fair all round, the author, well knowing that our age is not immaculate, seldom passes judgment on his characters and never proses. When he quotes a page or two of the unpleasant Lord Hervey—who was, it is thought, Horace Walpole's father—a door is suddenly opened, and we see into the pit. Hervey is the official guide to this Inferno. That he has deepened the shadows here and there may be admitted; in essence he is as truthful as Saint Simon. But Mr. Wilkins prefers a less intimate handling, satisfied to leave his reader in possession of a full, clear narrative, the meaning of which he can extract for himself, if he chooses. Quite certain it is that most readers will not choose. To them the tittle-tattle of St. James's and Hampton Court will be amusing, George II. delightfully absurd, Prince Fred a sullen coxcomb, the maids of honour good comedy figures, the Schulenburgs and Walmodens farcical rather than scandalous, and Caroline not so interesting as Duchess Sarah, unless they are nipped in spite of themselves by the sharp touches that made an end of her. No one could look into Hervey without being so affected, and I am doubtful whether it is the best way to tell these tales as if they were not among the great "moralities" of time. Such hatred between fathers and sons, such uncleanness of daily life, such a Swiftean disregard of what

* "Caroline the Illustrious, Queen-Consort of George II., and sometime Queen-Regent." By W. H. Wilkins, F.S.A. 36s. (London: Longmans, Green and Co.)

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makes human decency possible, such vile Epicurism, with its utter disbelief in anything but money and money's worth, flourishing in vices that had no charm and did not even produce a decadent art,—where can it all be matched? The apparition of a Berkeley or a Butler among Yahoos would startle us little more than does the mention of them in a medium so turbid. They pass and make no sign. Is it professional interest that leads me to select Mr. Wilkins' pages on the Church as singularly suggestive? Caroline and Mrs. Sundon distributing mitres; Benjamin Hoadley "cringing from bishopric to bishopric," a Socinian who would have been hyper-orthodox could orthodoxy have landed him in Winchester; Clayton, Bishop of Clogher, proposing in the Irish House of Lords to jettison from the Prayer-Book the Athanasian and the Nicene creeds, are more astonishing at our time of day than Hume's "Essays" and all the honest infidels that could not creep into golden stalls. But space warns me to quit these volumes, overflowing with anecdote and crowded with characters, none absolutely insignificant, or if, like Sir Spencer Compton, noodles by predestination, entertaining on that account. How far the high claims put forward on his heroine's behalf by Mr. Wilkins can be sustained, I shall not enquire. Nor is it necessary. Take Queen Caroline as the centre of a group which includes a whole menagerie of beasts, wild or tame, but worthy of "Reynard the Fox" in their greed, their lust, their craft, and their liveliness,—you will pity and like her, and be willing to grant that she deserved a less miserable fate. The others would not have been allowed by Swift's well-mannered horses to live in one stable with them. A grotesque, we must say again, and a tragedy, but, in the style of Hogarth, softened for modern drawing-rooms, yet, even so, arresting, and capable of teaching its lesson to those who will learn. WILLIAM BARRY.

A SCOTS VIEW OF SPAIN.*

This work of five hundred pages crammed with knowledge is in many ways so admirable, that we cannot but feel sorry when we are suddenly pulled up in our reading of it—as happens again and again—by some fierce or bitter sentence marked "Enlightenment," and signed "Thomas Henry Buckle." It is, to speak mildly, not the truest picture of Spain that can be drawn on eighteenth century models. Why should we never get the Spanish Christian view? Major Hume knows the ethnology, geography, history, from end to end. He is probably well seen in the seven languages, from Arabic to Gallician or Portuguese, which have been spoken at various times in the Peninsula. His style goes with a swing, often as happy as idiomatic in its quick turns and lively vigour. He unthreads the tangle of those dozen kingdoms; sets all the Alfonsos in a distinct row; compels the hasty reader to see that Aragon looked east and Castile west, and that racial differences are something deeper than figures of speech. For sheer weight of matter, his volume may be compared with the best book written on Spain in our time—Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly's high-wrought, beautiful pages which deal with that fine literature. Taken together, these two give us almost as much as we need know, if we are not special students. But I do not remember in Mr. F. Kelly the pride of modern thought which is seldom absent from Major Hume. I must say that he seems, now and then, to lose his balance and fall on the other side.

For instance, as long as there are Mohammedans in the land, Major Hume is their henchman. When at last they disappear, the Reformers of England or the Low Countries serve in their stead to point a moral. In whatever degree a Spanish hero is Catholic—and they were intensely Catholic, all of them—the historian discovers that they lose hold on our enthusiasm. If you would win the heart of Major Hume, orthodox you must not be, but Jew, Moslem, or Protestant. A la bonne heure! Every man worships his own gods. But is that a way of entering far into the Spanish mind or heart? Give us the facts; we can judge for ourselves whether we like the Inquisition, the *autos*, and the proscriptions of Jews and Moors.

Facts in abundance we do get, happily, with admissions not to be passed over. If Spain was to be one kingdom—a doubtful point, as Major Hume believes—nothing but religion would accomplish the fact. Nor did the Spaniards ever do notable deeds, at home or abroad, except under its guidance—their wars, explorations, colonisations, were crusades. Of course, the religion meant is the Christian, though not precisely in the Scottish rendering thereof. When, says Major Hume, Fernando and Isabel drove out the Jews, they were aiming at national unity, and we had better not call them blind or stupid, however cruel their action may have been. That principle can be applied to the expulsion of the Moors and the persecution of the Marranos. From other parts of this very interesting though not candid story, the reader will conclude that, even without Jews or Moors, Spain would have flourished but for three things with which their religion had nothing to do. The Government was a despotism; its system of taxation was unsound in the highest possible degree; and it could not find resources with which to defend an Empire lying dispersedly about Europe. In any case, the Catholic Spaniards have saved their country from Moslem institutions; and not even Mr. T. H. Buckle would have wished for a second edition of Turkey beyond the Pyrenees.

* "The Spanish People." By Martin A. S. Hume, Editor of the Calendar of Spanish State Papers. (Heinemann.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT, FROM A PAINTING BY G. S. NEWTON, R.A.
Engraved by Finden.

"A small three-quarters, in oil, done at Chiefswood, in August, 1824, by Gilbert Stewart Newton, R.A., and presented by him to Mrs. Lockhart. This pleasing picture gives Sir Walter in his usual country dress—a green jacket and black neckcloth, with a leathern belt for carrying the forester's axe round the shoulders. It is the best domestic portrait ever done."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From the Collection of Augustin Rischgitz, London, W.

HENRY V.*

There is room for a new Life of Henry V., provided it far transcend its respectable predecessors. From this point of view Mr. Kingsford's work seems a little superfluous, though in itself not unsatisfactory. He has carefully collated his authorities; his tone is subdued; his judgments are frequently, though not always, convincing. But as a disciple of the Oxford school he naturally gives us a history of the Reign for a biography of the Man. A few pages, instead of five chapters, would have sufficed for Henry's career before his accession. The biographical facts known are few and formal, the gossip and legends quite worthless. We know that the Prince as a boy once wanted more harp-strings—a solitary, if precious detail; that he was the son of a clever father; that he was early initiated in war and affairs; that he was obscurely mixed up in the later political intrigues, and that in his letters, or reports, to his father, he (or his secretary) displayed a conventional, if not unctuous, piety. The rest is silence. To tell us that Henry seems to have spent March in London, that on April 28th we find him at Worcester, and

* "Henry V.: The Typical Mediæval Hero." By C. L. Kingsford. Heroes of the Nations Series. 5s. (Putnams.)

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on the 30th at Hereford; that on May 4th he is at Eltham, and early in June again at Worcester, etc., etc., is a correct following of Dr. Stubbs' careful methods. But it is history, or rather material for history, not biography.

Most readers will turn eagerly to the next chapter—on the traditionary Wild Prince Hal. It is on the whole judicious and adequate. Contemporary history lends not one atom of proof to these legends, so admirably elaborated by Shakspere. The only question is, could they, or could they not, have grown up without some foundation? The clear descriptions of the campaigns, and still more the relations of foreign and ecclesiastical history, deserve praise, but one seems to crave for more personal details about the hero. Could not more examples of his genuine and unstudied letters have been collected? Mr. Kingsford, with rare sobriety, does not try to fill up the void with dubious legend or rhetorical conjecture; but has he not overlooked some personal traits? For instance, was not Henry almost as consummate a man-milliner as the Black Prince? I seem to have a thirty-years-old vision of a ravishing light blue satin tunic (let us hope the skirts were short) embroidered in button-hole openwork like our ladies' linen now; and from each of the thousand holes the gold needle was left dangling. A trifle, no doubt—if true. But a pregnant trifle. To invent—to wear—to even long secretly to wear, such a novelty suggests certain good and certain bad qualifications for statecraft. Which modern statesman would it have suited nicely—Bismarck, Cavour, Peel, Gladstone, or Napoleon, William II., Beaconsfield? Had Henry megalomaniac ambitions about universal empire, the union of Christendom, and a glorious wiping out of Turks and dissenters? Mr. Kingsford says, No. In my ear the needles seem to tinkle, Yes. By-the-by, when he tells us that Henry IV. died at Westminster "in a room called the Jerusalem Chamber," thus fulfilling a prophecy that he would die at Jerusalem, has he forgotten the similar but far prettier story in Malmesbury about the death of the Confessor!

ABBOTSFORD AND THE EILDON HILLS.

"As might be guessed from the name of Abbotsford, these lands had all belonged of old to the great Abbey of Melrose; and indeed the Duke of Buccleuch, as the territorial representative of that religious brotherhood, still retains some seignorial rights over them, and almost all the surrounding district. Another feature of no small interest in Scott's eyes was an ancient Roman road leading from the Eildon hills to the ford, the remains of which, however, are now mostly sheltered from view amidst his numerous plantations.

"Such was the territory on which Scott's prophetic eye already beheld rich pastures, embosomed among flourishing groves, where his children's children should thank the founder."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.

We confess we like the book better than its title. Among these "Heroes of the Nations," Henry V. is labelled as the typical mediæval hero. No doubt Agincourt was fresher than Crécy and Poitiers, and so for two centuries his fame survived in England, and even in France. But in extent and duration it fell far short of the world-wide glory of Richard I., and surely St. Louis and Barbarossa are more typically mediæval. After all Henry was a gunpowder man. A hero, no doubt, but his pious (or impious) fiction of an offensive and defensive alliance with the Deity was not more mediæval than Mr. Kruger's. On "farm burning" and "barbarism," however, his views were deplorably archaic. "War without fire," he said, "is like a sausage without mustard—nothing worth." Y. Y.

THE ELDER ROSSETTI.*

This volume has a legitimate right to exist, for it helps to perpetuate the memory of a man most worthy to be had in remembrance. The elder Rossetti's name, indeed, will always be preserved by his poetical writings, his originality, if not his soundness, as a Dante commentator, and his association with his gifted offspring. Yet he deserved an ampler record than any hitherto extant in English literature, and we as much commend his resolution to be his own biographer as we deplore the extraordinary hallucination which led him to write his autobiography in verse. Verse, it is obvious, must be an imperfect medium for biography, because poetry necessarily implies selection for literary effect. Many circumstances which might and ought to be stated in prose are too trivial for poetry; and many more must be omitted or perverted from the sheer impossibility of expressing them in conformity with the laws of rhyme and metre. These objections apply in full force to the original, which, if not poetry of a very high order, is still poetry. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, had he been the original author, would apparently have made short work of them; he has never been deterred from the baldest literality by the fear of bathos. As an excellent critic of other men's verse, he must be aware that his own is divested of every particle of the melody and elasticity of the original. He must evidently have worked upon a well-considered system, and made up his mind that no aspiration after elegance, no dread of lapsing into the ludicrous, should prevent him from making his version a literal transcript. This system has certainly the advantage of strict verbal accuracy, but servile fidelity to matter is infidelity to style, an element no less vital. The translator's purpose would, after all, have been better served if he could have persuaded himself to think less of the matter and more of the spirit. Yet notwithstanding all the disadvantages attaching to the elder Rossetti's poetry in the first place, and the younger Rossetti's prose in the second, the book is both readable and enjoyable. It presents, with evident veracity and without an atom of pretension, the attractive portrait of a brave, pious, patriotic, accomplished, and disinterested man, who sometimes raises a smile by simplicity, but never by self-complacency or self-assertion. Whether as a persecuted patriot at home, or as contending with hardship and penury in exile, or in the still more difficult position of the propounder of awful heresies and outrageous paradoxes respecting Dante, he is always the same meek but manly figure, never for a moment forfeiting our respect or his own. His narrative is largely supplemented by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, whose unrhythmical prose is nearer poetry than his rhythmical, and who approves himself, as ever, the very model of the assiduous and all-illuminating editor.

The appendix is not the least interesting part of the book. It contains among other things letters from Rossetti to his wife during a time of difficulty, touching in their fortitude, and exhibiting his domestic character in the most favourable point of view; characteristic letters from Mazzini, and some of great interest from Seymour Kirkup, the eccentric painter and spiritualist, written at the time of the discovery of Giotto's portrait of Dante at Florence.

* "Gabriele Rossetti." A Versified Autobiography. Translated and supplemented by William Michael Rossetti. 7s. 6d. net. (Sands and Co.)

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ABBOTSFORD FROM THE RIVER.

"Abbotsford may be called the centre of Sir Walter's land. It stands at a point of the Tweed where the river leaves the mountainous region of *Ettrick Forest and expands into the more level and fertile country of Berwick* and Roxburgh. It was originally a small farm called Cartleyhole. . . . Meanwhile the farm had been converted into an estate by Scott's purchasing at fabulous prices the adjoining lands on the north-west of Cauldshields Loch, Kaeside, Huntlyburn, and Chiefswood. The mansion was then too small for the property and for the accommodation of the never-ceasing flow of guests. Accordingly, in the winter of 1821, Sir Walter commenced his second and by *far his greatest addition to Abbotsford. The cottage was demolished, and on* its site was erected what Scott termed a manor-house, comprising within its walls the hall, drawing-room, library, and study, with bedrooms above and offices below. It took three years to build, and on its completion in 1824, Abbotsford, as far as Scott was concerned, was finished"—"The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart." By George G. Napier, M.A.

From a photograph by A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.

ABBOTSFORD FROM THE S.W.

"On all sides, except towards the river, the house connects itself with the gardens. The building is such a one, I daresay, as nobody but Scott would ever have dreamed of erecting; or, if he had, escaped being quizzed for his pains. Yet it is eminently imposing in its general effect; and in most of its details, not only full of historical interest, but beauty also. It is no doubt a thing of shreds and patches, but they have been combined by a masterly hand. . . . The house is more than one hundred and fifty feet long in front, was built at two different onsets; has a tall tower at either end, the one not the least like the other; presents sundry crowfooted, *alias* zigzagged, gables to the eye; a myriad of indentations and parapets, and machicollated eaves; most fantastic waterspouts; labelled windows, not a few of them painted glass; groups of right Elizabethan chimneys; balconies of divers fashions, greater and less; and a very noble projecting gateway."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From a photograph by A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.

The book will have a special interest for Rossetti collectors from the numerous family portraits it contains, especially those of Dante Gabriel and William Michael Rossetti as boys, by Pistrucci, and the representation after a photograph, of Maria Francesca Rossetti, the least known of the family.

RICHARD GARNETT.

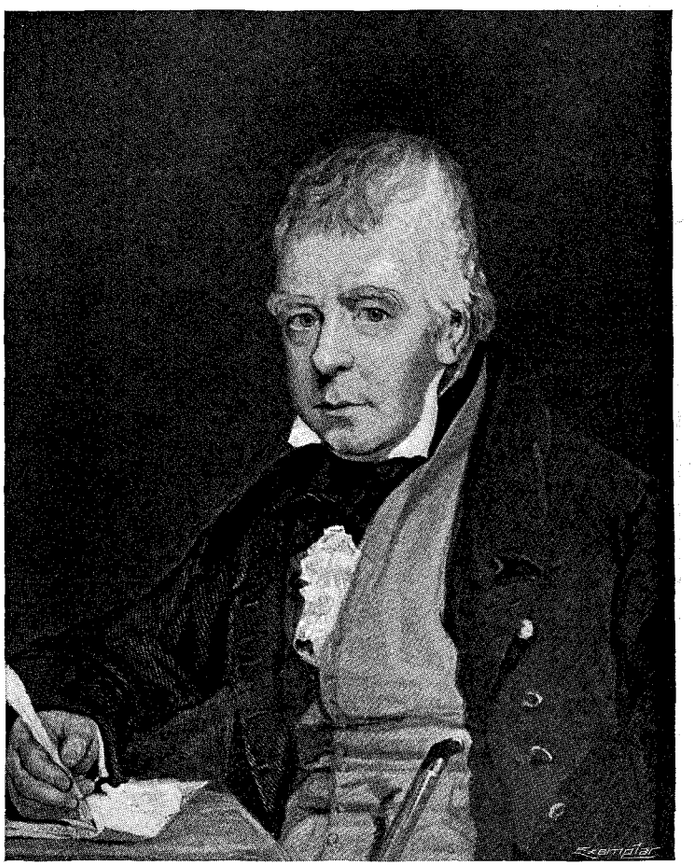
ANOTHER ULYSSES.*

The appearance of Mr. Stephen Phillips's popular drama will have reminded not a few that Mr. Robert Bridges wrote one on the same old theme a dozen years ago. And his publishers now recall the fact to our hurried minds by reprinting it along with another play, "Palicio." But the one "Ulysses" does not challenge comparison with the other. They are too unlike in treatment for close comparison to be fruitful in interest. After reading both we can perhaps declare a preference for the method or the scope of one; but the writers are too different in temperament and aim to be in any way rivals. Mr. Bridges calls his play "a dramatising of the chief scenes in Homer's 'Odyssey,' and not a recast of the story in dramatic form." He has not, like Mr. Phillips, included whatever incidents in his hero's career seemed most dramatic, but has limited himself to the return of the wanderer, his meeting with Telemachus, and his defeat of the suitors. Following Homer more closely, not only so far as the narrative is concerned, but in the spirit, too, his version is at once more sober in manner and more barbaric in action, but less romantic. It is, indeed, more sober than Homer's, and the sobriety and correctness will leave many readers cold, we fear, or keep the more impulsive ones wishing that Mr. Bridges's purpose had been other, and that he had had the boldness to "recast the story in dramatic form." There is too much narrative, and too little drama. But in the quiet, apparently effortless piece of work, where there are few lyrical bursts to delight or astonish, there is one clear success, the presentation of Penelope. Rightly or wrongly, the poetry of the play is centred in her—a weary, patient, loving woman, of deeper nature than has generally appeared to readers of her story. From her mouth come the most beautiful words—

> "What is man's hope, good friend?
> Is't not a beggar in the land of doubt,
> Seeking as thou shelter and fire and food
> From day to day? and, while she finds a little,
> She travels on, comforting life's affections
> With scraps and crumbs fall'n from the dish of joy.
> 'Tis thus hope lives, patient and pleasureless."

* "Poetical Works of Robert Bridges." Vol. 4. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

In the other play, "Palicio," there are magnificent chances of romance, and the first half gives full promise of their fulfilment. The hero is a Sicilian brigand, loved by a high-born maiden, and the champion of the people's rights. Mr. Bridges throws off much of his wonted constraint in the beginning, and thrills us with the passion of Margaret for Palicio. But



A PORTRAIT OF SCOTT, BY KNIGHT, 1826.

"*January* 7.—Sunday. Knight, a young artist, son of the performer, came to do a picture of me at the request of Terry. . . . I am as tired of the operation as old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes. But this young man is civil and modest; and I have agreed he shall be in the room while I work, and take the best likeness he can, without compelling me into the fixed attitude and yawning fatigues of an actual sitting. I think, if he has talent, he may do more my way than in the customary mode; at least, I can't have the hang-dog look which the unfortunate Theseus has who is doomed to sit for what seems an eternity."—Diary in Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From the Collection of Augustin Rischgitz, London, W.

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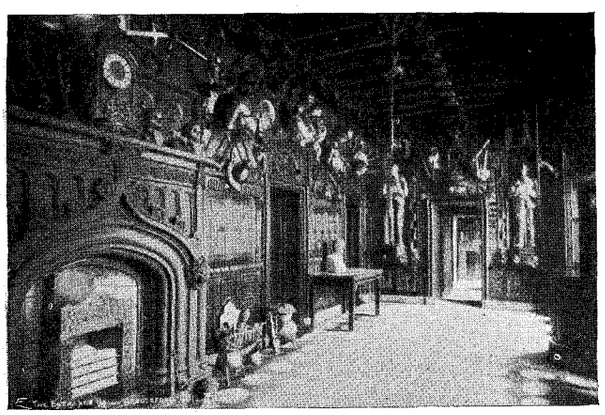


THE ENTRANCE HALL AT ABBOTSFORD.

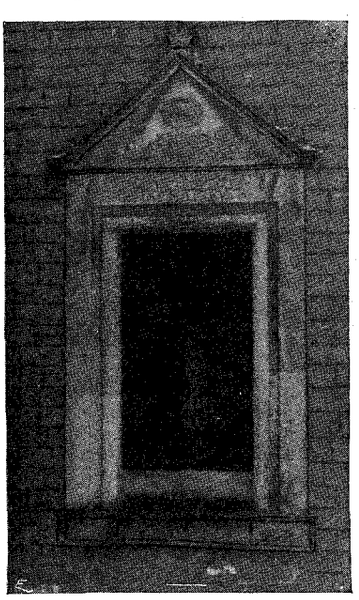
"The hall is about forty feet long by twenty in height and breadth. The walls are of richly carved oak, most part of it exceedingly dark, and brought, it seems, from the old Abbey of Dunfermline; the roof, a series of pointed arches of the same, each beam presenting in the centre a shield of arms richly blazoned. . . . The floor of this hall is black and white marble, from the Hebrides, wrought lozenge-wise; and the upper walls are completely hung with arms and armour."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From a photograph by A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.

history clogs him. He might have shown us the hero-brigand dying as the victim of tyranny, or the saviour of the people. Or he might have shown him the triumphant lover of Margaret, winning her to content in a wild life. But Margaret, who sings so divinely of her defiant love, turns out tame and prim after all. She is only fitted for court life, and Palicio descends in the end to be a mere respectable functionary. A historian must give in to this kind of disappointment; but why should a dramatist? A. MACDONELL.

FLORILEGIUM LATINUM.*

This is a sequel to a similar collection of translations from pre-Victorian poets to which attention was called in these columns some little time back. It, of course, suffers from the comparative narrowness of the field from which the selections have been made, but on the other hand the Victorian poets have a more familiar interest than their predecessors, and there is a special pleasure in seeing how the verse of our own age looks in a classical garb. "A Recessional" put into Alcaics, some stanzas of "The Rubaiyat" in Elegiacs, or well-remembered lines from "The Idylls of the King" turned into Virgilian Hexameters seem to bring the past and the present together in a way which every one with scholarly tastes will appreciate, while the high quality of the renderings will win general admiration, and, if at times the critical reader finds something which he would like to emend, that will, probably, only add to his enjoyment.



THE OLD TOLBOOTH DOOR AT ABBOTSFORD,

Which was taken from the "Bastille of Edinburgh" and inserted in the wall abutting the entrance porch at Abbotsford.

"I expect to get some decorations from the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, particularly the copestones of the doorway, or lintels, as we call them, and a *niche* or two—one very handsome indeed! Better get a niche *from* the Tolbooth than a niche *in* it, to which such building operations are apt to bring the projectors."—Letter to Mr. Terry in Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From a photograph by Jno. Clapperton, Galashiels.

Exactly half the pieces are by one of the editors, Mr. Stone, who has a wonderful facility of versification in many shapes, which culminates in a remarkable translation of Tennyson's "Boadicea" into the original Galliambic metre which it is intended to reproduce.

*"Florilegium Latinum." Translations into Latin Verse from Victorian Poets. Edited by F. St. J. Thackeray and E. D. Stone. Pp. 299. 7s. 6d. net. (London: John Lane, 1902.)

THE ARMOURY AT ABBOTSFORD.

"A narrow, low-arched room, which runs quite across the house, having a blazoned window again at either extremity, and filled all over with smaller pieces of armour and weapons—such as swords, firelocks, spears, arrows, darts, daggers, etc., etc. Here are the pieces esteemed most precious by reason of their histories respectively. Stag horns, and bulls' horns, and so forth, are suspended in great abundance above all the doorways of these armouries."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From a photograph by A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.

It is doubtful, however, whether any writer of Latin verse can afford to publish a hundred specimens of his own composition, and the reader, if only for the sake of variety, would be not unwilling to sacrifice some of Mr. Stone's pieces in order to see more of the work of the Bishop of Calcutta, the Head Master of Eton, Professor Butcher, and Mr. Archer-Hind, who are each only represented by a single piece, or of the Head Master of Shrewsbury, whose version of Sir F. Doyle's "A Private in the Buffs" is equally conspicuous for fire and finish. Perhaps, too, it would be better if some of the selections were of a simpler character. The reader who takes up an Anthology of this sort looks for something which may charm a leisure hour, and will hardly care to puzzle over an impossible attempt to put Kipling's "Bridge-Guard in the Karroo" into Latin, or this mysterious reproduction of a stanza of Tennyson—

Ordinis
Æterna lex stat, fertque animus vices
Multas, at unius videntur
Exuviae lacerique caules.

It is ungracious, however, to carp at a work the greater part of which will give only pure pleasure to all those who have any liking for Latin poetry. They will find on almost every page something to afford them interest and delight.

T. E. PAGE.

LUKE DELMEGE.*

Merely as a piece of fiction "Luke Delmege" is a *tour de force*. Without a heroine or a love-interest in the usual sense, strangely foreign in its freshness and strangely absorbing in its interest, it runs its unflagging course through 580 pages; and there are hardly a dozen that one would wish to see condensed. The religious life most familiar to us in fiction is English or Scotch, and Protestant; in the main Nonconformist. Here we have a remarkable study, clear-headed and yet impassioned, of Catholicism from within, of Irish Catholicism almost wholly, and very specially of the Irish priesthood. Briefly indicated, the story traces the development of a brilliant young Maynooth priest, who comes in contact with English culture and speculative dilettantism; loses the bloom of his soul in the experience; and at the last finds his peace in the humble and austere service of his own people. It is not too much to say that the book is unique as a picture of the old faith in the Isle of the Saints, and that no one can read it without a feeling of wonder that he has lived so long beside Catholicism and never before perceived its beauty, its pathos, its fervour, and without a sudden flash of conviction that, if the social and political enigma of the Irish temperament is to be understood at all, it must be approached from the religious side. One of the deepest and truest things ever written of Ireland occurs on p. 453—

"Well, don't puzzle!" said the matter-of-fact Father Martin. "Keep close to your own people—the people of eternity! Let alone the sons and daughters of men!"

"The people of eternity!" Yes, indeed, so they are, as Luke

* "Luke Delmege." By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan. 6s. (Longmans.)

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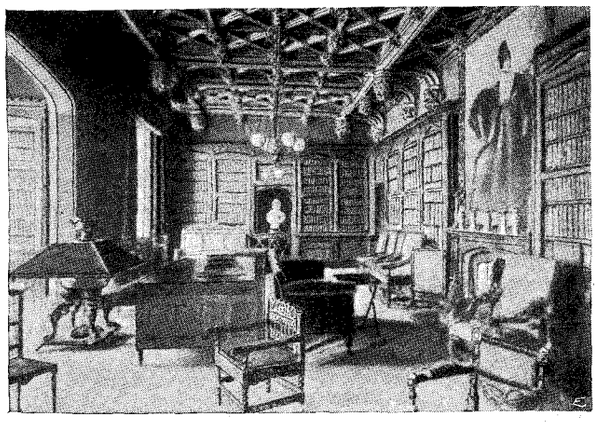
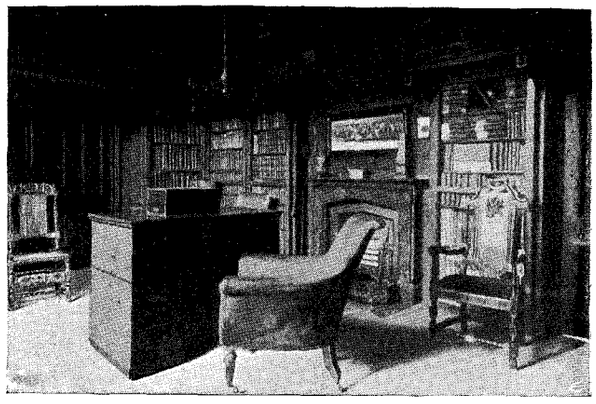


THE LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD.

"The largest of these rooms, the library, is an oblong of some fifty feet by thirty, with a projection in the centre, opposite the fireplace, terminating in a grand bow-window, fitted up with books. The roof is of carved oak again—a very rich pattern—chiefly *à la* Roslin. The collection amounts in this room to some fifteen or twenty thousand volumes. The only picture is Sir Walter's eldest son, in hussar uniform, and holding his horse—by Allan, of Edinburgh—a noble portrait, over the fireplace."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From a photograph by A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.



THE STUDY AT ABBOTSFORD.

"Surely the *sanctum sanctorum* at Abbotsford—the study. It remains very much as Scott left it, the reference books being in the same position. A small writing desk from the wood of the Spanish Armada, a plain armchair covered in black leather, the Wallace chair of Robroyston wood, portraits of Claverhouse, Queen Elizabeth, Rob Roy, and Stothard's 'Canterbury Pilgrims,' are the chief objects of interest."—"The Scott Country." By W. S. Crockett.

From a photograph by A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.

was every day more fully ascertaining. Time and the world were nothing to his race, who seemed to look at everything as if they themselves were already disembodied.

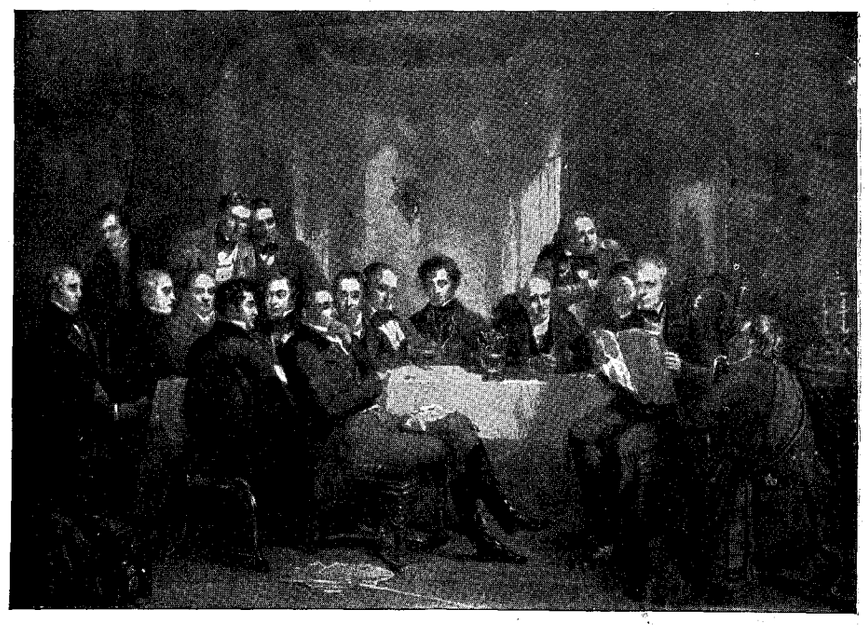
If he who turns to that page will read the curious ceremony which follows of All Souls' Eve, when one by one the eager crowd pass in to the sacristy with their little offerings, to have the names of the dead placed on the list of those to be prayed for to-morrow—the names, no, the "souls," of the boy "lyin' out on the snows of the Himalees," the old comrade who fell before Sebastopol, the beloved commander who was killed in the charge at Fredericksburg, the half-forgotten priest, "the poor sowl that's in the greatest howlt," whoever he may be—he will come upon a thing unknown in our popular view of the children of Erin. Of the many glimpses, beautiful, touching, humorous, mystical, into Irish life it would take too long to tell. Suffice it to say that, in spite of three or four false notes, "Luke Delmege" is a book to read, and one which, when read, will be kept for companionship.

WILLIAM CANTON.

SORDON.*

This ghastly, eccentrically original story is the best thing Mr. Swift has given us since "Nancy Noon." It is unpleasant; it is often quite artificial, at other times curiously clumsy; but it stands out, a thing by itself, grimly impressive, and, save so far as its theme is concerned, indescribable. In "Sordon" we have the presentation of certain persons who take on themselves to decide the old vexed question whether it is justifiable to shorten a life doomed to constant, hopeless, and acute suffering. What Mr. Swift's exact purpose may have been we do not pretend to guess. But it might have been to write a grim satire on the incapacity of high-minded if presumptuous persons who assume the functions of Providence towards a fellow-being; for never was benevolent scheme more carelessly, more awkwardly carried out. The giving of the ether to the paralysed man reads like a horrid, ghastly jest; and that Woolnoth, the sensitive, nervous fluttering creature, should have been given any responsibility in the matter, or been allowed to be present at Kingswood's death, is as incredible as it was unnecessary. But let us defy a few improbabilities, as Mr. Swift has done. He tramples on them and carries the thing through in magnificent style—leaving us gasping admiringly at an incredible but successful combination of Adelphi drama and Ibsen. The pillar of the strange structure is Beckingham. Beckingham is gigantic; we are told so a score of times, "impenetrable . . . gigantic . . . taciturn, and strong." Even in making love his size seems to count for much, *e.g.*, "And then he took her into his gigantic arms and kissed her very tenderly, as only a gigantic man can." And this old-fashioned schoolgirl's hero, with a dash of scientific education added, does do things on a big scale, we admit. When poor Woolnoth blabs hysterically of the poisoning of their friend, Beckingham quite quietly and firmly pops him into a lunatic asylum. When the villainess of the piece, Nurse Belters, attempts to blackmail him, he refuses to be blackmailed—merely takes her out on the lake in a terrific storm, saves her life, and then sends her

* "Sordon." By Benjamin Swift. 6s. (Methuen.)



SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS, FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS FAED, R.A.

Sir Walter Scott.
James Hogg.
Henry Mackenzie.
John Wilson.
Rev. George Crabbe.
John G. Lockhart.
W. Wordsworth.
Lord Jeffrey.
Sir Adam Ferguson.
Thomas Moore.
Thomas Campbell.
Sir William Allan.
Thomas Thomson.
Sir David Wilkie.
Archibald Constable.
James Ballantyne.
Sir Humphry Davy.

"Faed in his well-known picture, 'Scott and his Literary Friends at Abbotsford,' has depicted an imaginary gathering such as might have taken place at this period when Scott was at the height of his fame. Sir Walter has just completed a new novel and is about to read a few pages of his manuscript. The place of honour has been assigned to Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' whom Burns called the Scottish Addison, and to whom Scott dedicated 'Waverley.' Christopher North leans on the back of a chair and glances over to the Ettrick Shepherd; next to North is Crabbe, 'Nature's sternest painter, yet her best'; then comes Lockhart, who is holding a colloquy with Wordsworth. . . . The figures at the further end of the table crowd upon one another. Tom Moore sits opposite *Tom Campbell*. The painters, Allan and Wilkie, stand at the back of Constable and Ballantyne. Sir Humphry Davy is examining a sword, while Mr. Thomas Thomson is placed where he should be—rather 'out in the cold,' as, while he might be termed an acquaintance, he could scarcely be called a friend of Sir Walter Scott."—"The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart." By George G. Napier, M.A.

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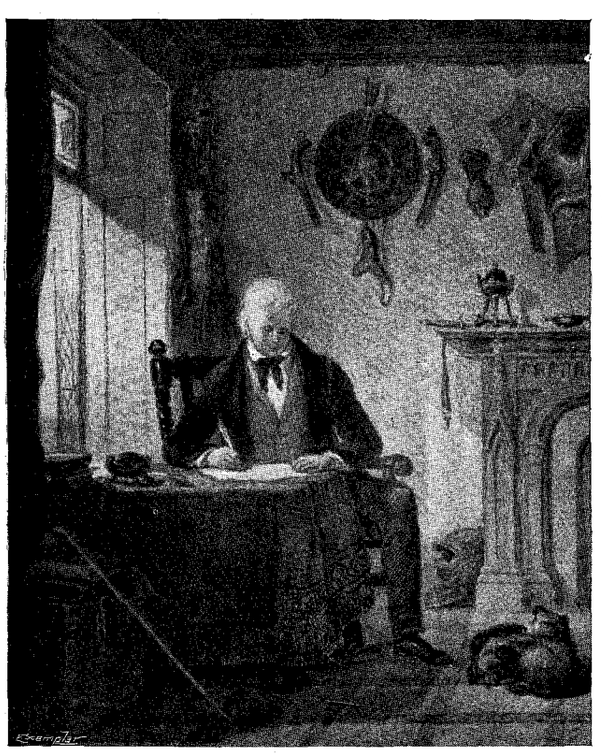
out to the world, confident gratitude will keep her silent in the Kingswood episode. We feel less sure. If Mrs. Haxby had put the silver spoons in Miss Belters's box, we should have felt the hero was safer. But we believe in Beckingham the gigantic, who knew his mind, and never let his own blunders, or untoward circumstance, or nervous friends, persuade him that he had ever acted otherwise than for the best. And that means we have been under the spell of Mr. Swift. If other proof were needed, it would be that in his pages we have read through the whole of the Burial Service, as if it had been a chapter from the works of some newly-discovered writer.

Novel Notes.

THE STORY OF TERESA. By Anne Macdonell. 6s. (Methuen.)

"The Story of Teresa" is a piece of distinguished literary workmanship which stands on a foundation of solid merit high above nine-tenths of the novels published in these days. From the first page Miss Macdonell impresses the reader with the infinite care she has bestowed on her work and her untiring attention to detail, the detail which perfects a word-painting and breathes life into a character. A thousand minutely perfect touches of characterisation quietly but indelibly imprint Teresa upon the page, picture the milliner's shop, the artist's studio from which she goes a wet, shabby, yet original and spirited woman, the country of lanes and meadows, sheltered green hollows and wild moorland, to which she comes in her grey uniform as Grand Almoner, deaconess, "The Village Blessing." The work carried on in a kind of toy mission, the plaything of fussy, self-complacent philanthropists, is of a somewhat eccentric, indeterminate quality, but it serves to release Teresa from the squalid poverty of her London life and give her a refuge and an employment. It serves, too, as a striking foil, throwing into high relief a strong, honest, unconventional character. "The Story of Teresa" is in its way the epic of a woman's life; the story of a nature which belongs to the greater, outer world, which has been in storm and of storm, but tries to latch itself contentedly inside Arcady; which sees a glimpse of peace, and finds it for a moment utterly desirable, while crying with instinctive fear, "Oh, my God; must I still wander!" but which in spite of such moments must always, inevitably, be "home-sick for the places where humanity gathers," and which here finds a fitting mate. There are many pages in this volume which remind us very strongly of Thomas Hardy's work—simple, strenuous writing of the circumstances and the needs of Teresa, and of Nicholas Starr, the man of the story, and fine descriptive passages, quaint, vivid, rural pictures, touched with an imaginative gloom which seems to hover in the background of all the story.



SIR WALTER SCOTT IN HIS STUDY, FROM A PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, R.A.

"Allan has succeeded better in his figure of 'The Author of "Waverley" in his study'; this was done shortly before Sir Walter's death."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

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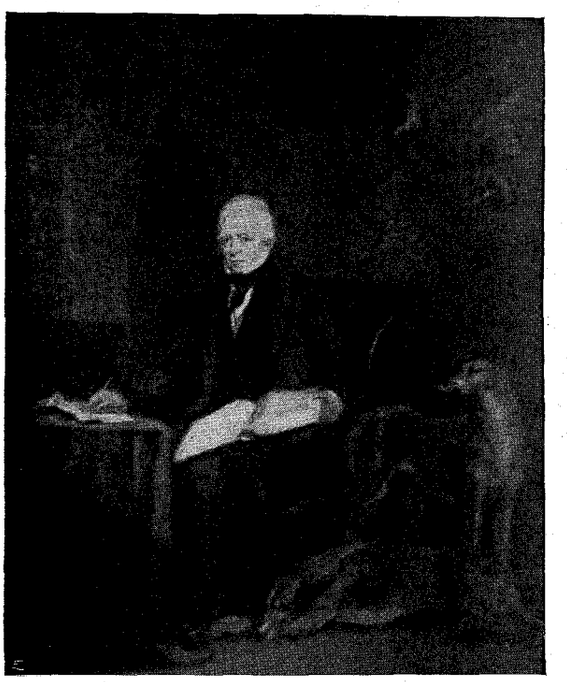

SIR WALTER SCOTT, FROM A PAINTING BY SIR FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A., IN THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

This portrait was painted in 1831 for Lady Ruthven.

"*March* 29.—Frank Grant is still with me, and is well pleased, I think very advisedly so, with a cabinet picture of myself, armour and so forth, together with my two noble staghounds. The dogs sat charmingly, but the picture took up some time."—Diary in Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

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GWENDOLINE. By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Richards.)

Mr. Cobb's very restrained and often charming style has to be exercised on fitting stuff; otherwise the result is incongruous. He has had clear successes, when dealing with subjects where the interest is thin but subtle, and where there are no violent contrasts. But Lady Gwendoline needs other treatment than his. She is an audacious, inconsequent, blunt-nerved, self-willed young beauty, with a genius for getting into scrapes and peculiar luck in the possession of clever, unselfish friends. In manner she has something of the restraint of her class, but her conduct is almost rowdy. Her portrait needed broader, even coarser, strokes and more crying colours, though the whimsicality of her fate at certain stages of her career is delightfully indicated.

WISTONS. By Miles Amber. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

It is an undoubted pleasure to be able to give much and ungrudging commendation to the initial volume of a new series, more especially to a series the aim of which is to introduce the first work of new writers. In "Wistons" Mr. Miles Amber—(we yield to the author's desire for masculinity, though ourselves doubting it before a score of pages had been turned)—in "Wistons" he has made an ambitious trial of his powers, and has come off with what must be accounted victory. For here are no weaknesses of the amateur—no crudeness of composition, no stiltedness in the intercourse of the characters, no stiffness in the hinges of this "story in three parts." Any faults which lie in it are faults which might lie in the work of tried writers—an over-emphasising of one portion or one trait to the detriment of another equally important; an occasional unnaturalness in child-talk; the introduction of a character or scene with insufficient reason. But the book is a good book, one which stands out, skilfully written and original; containing power, brightness, and

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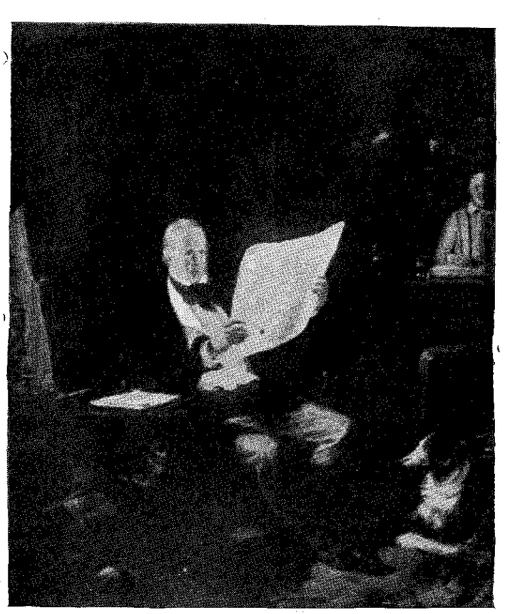
serious thought; a story to be remembered. Wistons is the home of the Woolvenhursts, and we follow them through three generations, from the old-fashioned yeoman and his more educated wife, to the Oxford scholar and his gipsy wife, on to the children, Esther and Rhoda, possessors of the combined strength of all the influences. And from grandparents to grandchildren the strong, insistent theme of the story is the truth, the reality, even the tragedy of divergent natures. Robin, the young husband, says to Esther, the young wife, again and again, "You understand," "You will understand," "I understand everything"; but they do not. Nor does the self-sufficing Rhoda, nor does her lover; nor did the parents before them. Down through the generations they loved, and thought, and spoke; but understanding dully endured, or halted puzzled before, or beat itself out against, locked understanding. In excellent, dignified characterisation lies the greatest strength of this book; no character is trite or commonplace; there is so much clever, unaffected work in it that as a first book it may be termed notable. And Betty—who lives at Wistons through all; who was to have been an equal, but elects to be nurse—Betty alone would be a triumph.

ROSANNE. By Netta Syrett. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Some clever studies of character in her earlier books, as well as the interest attaching to her success in a recent playwright competition, draw us to Miss Syrett's new story with expectation. Our expectations are hardly realised. There was more interesting work in "Nobody's Fault," though perhaps the writer has gained something in technical skill, and has learnt to appeal to a larger public. The Rosanne type of heroine is fairly popular now. As she will quickly pass, it is perhaps a mistake to take her too seriously. Rosanne comes of a bad stock, has been spoilt as a child, and grows up with a hunger for admiration and a talent for stage-dancing. But when she is generally supposed to be going straight to the devil, she pleasurably disappoints her world by shunning the stage and embracing the career of art. Art being notoriously long, and Rosanne being impatient, she turns her forces against man, with more success. On the eve of treacherously wrecking the happiness of a good friend by stealing her husband, she repentantly flees to the protection of a man whom she knows to be a cad, no other alternative presenting itself to her—though she is neither poor nor friendless. Saved from this, the other treachery becomes a near peril again, but she dodges it by shipping herself off to San Francisco, where doubtless other adventures await her. All



SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, R.A., 1832.

In the National Portrait Gallery.

"Sir Walter in his study at Abbotsford, reading the Proclamation of Mary Queen of Scots previous to her marriage with Darnley.

that can be said of her is that she is not entirely bad. But she is not for that an interesting person to study. The satire in the book is thin and more conventional than we should have looked for from this clever writer. A good deal of it is directed towards certain persons who are supposed to be survivors of the benighted "eighties"; that age when people

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON, R.A., 1830.

"An excellent half-length portrait by John Watson Gordon, of Edinburgh, done in March, 1830, for Mr. Cadell. Scott is represented sitting with both hands resting on his staff—the staghound Bran on his left."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From the Collection of Augustin Rischgitz, London, W.

wasted time on ideas which might more profitably have been given to frocks.

WOMEN IN LOVE. By Alfred Sutro. 6s. (Allen.)

Mr. Sutro has written his "eight studies in sentiment" in dialogue form. We wonder why. The dialogue method is a fascinating one, under certain conditions, these being mainly deftness, wit, and an infinite power of swift suggestion. Without these the thing becomes a short story with much of the interest omitted and the opportunity for subtle delineation of character refused. In these eight studies all the i's are dotted and all the t's stroked. We know at once what the characters are saying, and, probably because they have the average Anglo-Saxons' limitation of expression, they do not appear to be as interesting as they perhaps are in reality, their self-portraiture being at fault. Mr. Sutro's comments would have helped them wonderfully. The ordinary short-story form would have prevented some obvious mistakes. In "Mr. Steinmann's Corner," for instance, Nora, the generous woman, would not have had to say baldly, and most improbably, "Ah, Percy, Percy, what a love you threw away!" The most striking and original of them all, "Ella's Apology," the one which will also shock commonplace sentiment the most, is in its present form revolting. More carefully elaborated it would present the painful problem quite worth facing, whether the woman who is capable of pure, devoted, domestic love, and who cherishes it, is likely to be also attracted by the evil attentions of a man she knows to be a cad. But "A Game of Chess" and "A Maker of Men," the two pleasant studies, tell their plain stories in a plain, blunt, obvious, and, on the whole, quite satisfactory fashion.

THE INSANE ROOT. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. 6s. (Unwin.)

This is far too wonderful a story for paraphrase or description. All the old legends of the power of the mandrake are outdone by the marvels which Mrs. Campbell Praed has conceived and strung like dark malign gems on the thread of her story. In fact the piling up of wonders somewhat defeats her end. We are bewildered, but do not shudder much. The writer has been ambitious to illustrate the strangest of all the powers attributed to the vegetable monstrosity, that of

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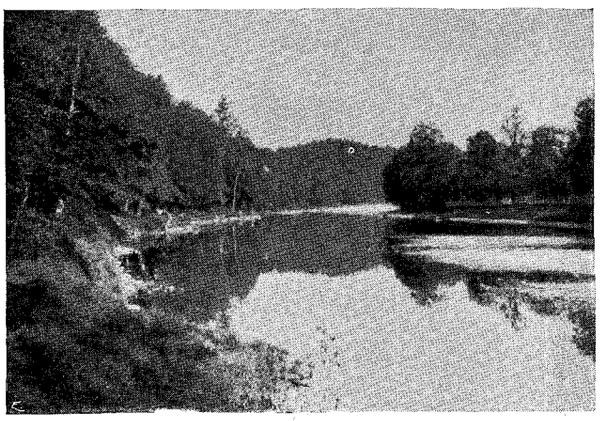


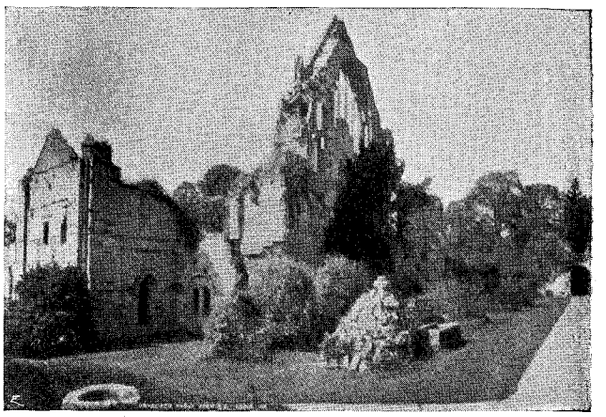
THE TWEED AT DRYBURGH.

"In the heart of the land he has made enchanted Sir Walter lies buried, and no more appropriate locality could have been found for his hallowed resting-place than the Premonstratensian Abbey of Dryburgh, secluded among yew trees almost as ancient as itself, and girt by a semicircular sweep of the Tweed:

'Tweed loves it well, and turns again
As loath to leave the sweet domain.'

—"The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart." By George G. Napier, M.A.

From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.



DRYBURGH ABBEY.

"Dryburgh was founded a little later than the other abbeys of the Borders, and dates from the middle of the twelfth century. It suffered at the hands of Edward II. and Richard II., and finally was destroyed by the English in 1544. . . . Dryburgh would have descended to Sir Walter by inheritance, had it not been for the folly of one of the family—'a silly, weak man'—who, through injudicious trading, became bankrupt and had to part with the Abbey. 'The ancient patrimony,' says Scott, 'was sold for a trifle, and my father, who might have purchased it with ease, was dissuaded by my grandfather from doing so, and thus we have nothing left of Dryburgh but the right of stretching our bones there.'"—"The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart." By George G. Napier, M.A.

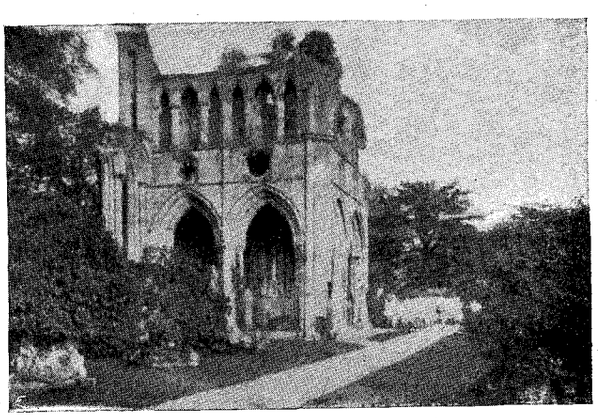
From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.

producing metamorphosis; and the mixing up of the personalities of the hero and the villain is fatiguing. Yet she holds many threads in her hand without tangling them; and if the interest be artificial, and the manner rather grandiose, she has force to keep us, though puzzled and exhausted, in her wonderland till the end.

The Bookman's Table.

WALES. By O. M. Edwards, M.A. Story of the Nations Series. 5s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Perhaps the first word to be written about this volume is, that the reading of it will lead most people to pardon the long delay of its appearance. The years of waiting will be forgotten in the charm of its pages. Occasionally, one could do with a little less of the personal and provincial bias; but we feel it would involve the loss of much vividness, of much human interest. The task had not only its difficulties, but its pitfalls; to have surmounted all the former, and avoided all the latter, were too much to expect in reason. Such a history of Wales as this is really the first of its kind; and although there are special chapters waiting to be amplified by the examination of material as yet scarcely available, and particular periods waiting to be treated more justly where more space could be had, we feel sure that it will be a long day before this book is superseded. Perhaps the most serious rival would be another by Mr. Edwards himself, in due course. In the meanwhile, those outside Wales as well as those of it will have the opportunity of reading a nation's story, intricate in itself at first, but never uninteresting in its development,



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TOMB IN DRYBURGH ABBEY.

"About half-past five o'clock in the evening of Wednesday, the 26th September, 1832, the remains of Sir Walter Scott were laid by the side of his wife in the sepulchre of his ancestors."—Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine & Sons, Ltd., Dundee.

confined within narrow geographical limits, but never quite separable from the larger world—a story told by one who knows how, and with an insight into its inner meaning which makes it an inspiration as well as an education.

IN MEMORY OF W. V. By William Canton. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent and Co.)

There can be no criticism for such a book as this. It is written by one whom we know, from the past, to be such a natural, honest artist that instinct alone would guide him to make a beautiful book; nothing crude could be sent out by his hands. But to criticise this book! One could as soon scientifically analyse the tears of a mourning child. A simple memorial of a brief life lies within these pages; one of those lives which make whole worlds of difference to those in whose midst they are set—not an eleven years' episode in a possible three-score years and ten; but a vital thing, always, even when there is no other spoken word for it but "memory." In this little book the many to whom "W. V." was a familiar though unknown personality may see her in her daily life, in her playful, her fanciful, her serious moods, and will be tenderly grateful. From her own diary, from the little cousin's diary, from letters, stories, poems, reminiscences, the short life is pictured, even to its swift ending. And, whatever the writing may have cost, it holds the comfort of sympathy for those who, too, are child-bereft, and are not stoics.

THE COLLECTED POEMS, LYRICAL AND NARRATIVE, OF A. MARY F. ROBINSON (MADAME DUCLAUX). With a Preface and Portrait. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

In these 300 pages Madame Duclaux, whom people on this side of the Channel like to remember as Mary Robinson, has collected, revised, partly re-written, and grouped with some fresh companions, the best of the lyrical and narrative poems scattered through her six or seven earlier volumes. With its engaging lyric note and its distinguishing grace, the book is one which lovers of poetry will be pleased to find room for on their shelves; though whether it includes all they would like to retain is probably an open question. For our own part we miss a certain delightful bit of fairy minstrelsy which we have always associated with her name—

Down the enchanted forest grey,
Hark, a dreamy note is borne!
'Tis the winding of a horn
Far away!
Boughs of oak and boughs of thorn
Stir and sway.

Yet the wood is haunted,
Silent many a year;
Only long-enchanted
Dreamers linger here.

In the main Mary Robinson's work belongs rather to the fancy and the affections than to imagination and passion, and

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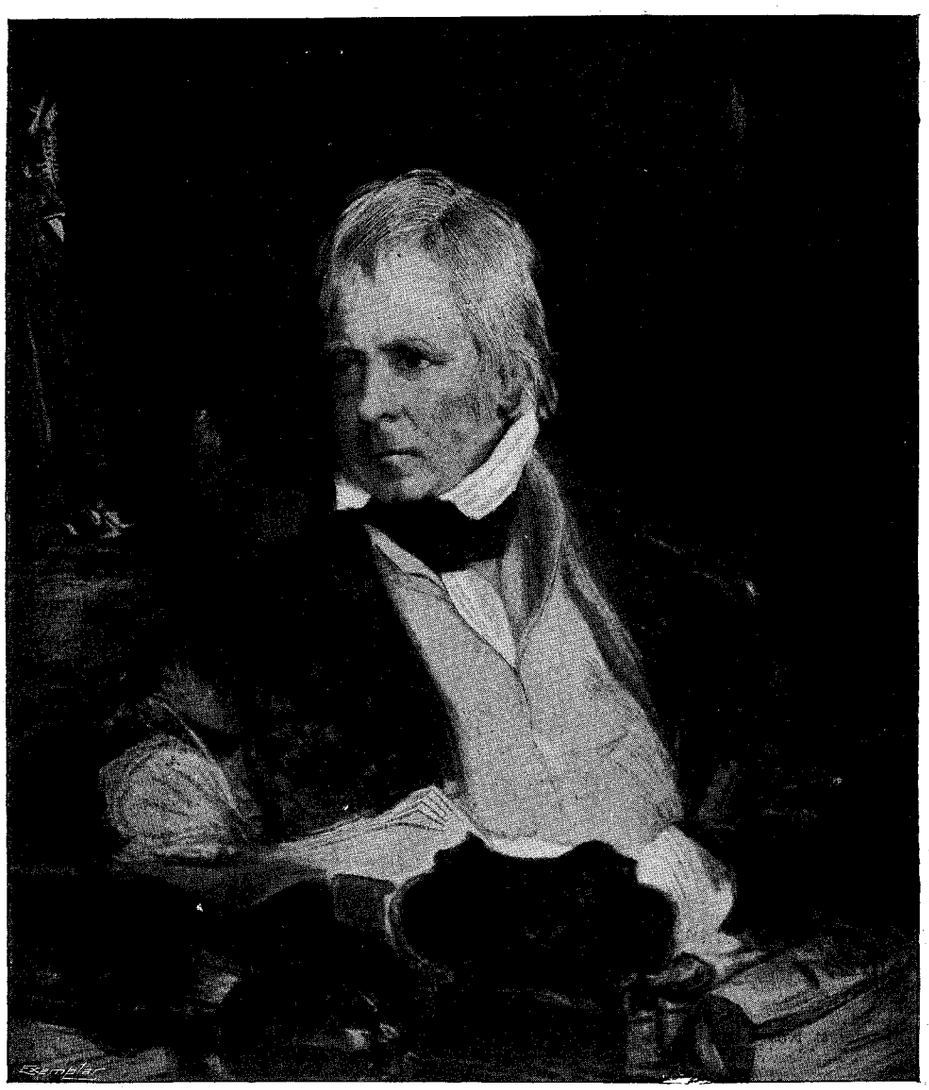
the sweet and somewhat fastidious music of her verse matches well with these. Occasionally she has made excursions into realism, but "the burthen of the mystery" has not weighed heavily upon her. In her narrative poems, there is reason to believe, she might have attained a more unquestionable achievement had she chosen to ignore the old ballad form. In "The Widow of Hyderabad," for example, she has combined a tragic and eerie theme with an almost unique perfection of execution. Whatever her limitations, however, the book preserves in convenient form the strains of one of the charming voices of the later Victorian days of song.

MARY BOYLE. HER BOOK. Edited by Sir Courtenay Boyle, K.C.B. 10s. 6d. (Murray.)

Few mortals have been gifted with so bright and sunny a nature as Mary Boyle, and it has been granted to none to lead a more serene and joyous existence. To her, life was "like a dome of many-coloured glass"; she loved bright colours, bright flowers, bright scenes, and sunshine. In the pages of this autobiography—to quote Sir Courtenay Boyle's preface—"like a light-winged butterfly she flits from flower to flower, resting long on none, nor caring to return to what she had apparently only quitted for a moment." Among other attributes she seems to have possessed the secret of perpetual youth. "Miss Mary Boyle," says James Russell Lowell, "bears no discoverable relation to dates. As nobody ever knew how old the Countess of Desmond was, so nobody can tell how young Miss Mary Boyle is. However long she may live, hers can never be that most dismal of fates to outlive her friends while cheerfulness, kindliness, cleverness, and all the other good 'nesses' have anything to do with the making of them." Miss Mary Boyle was in every respect a most remarkable woman. Her literary gifts were of no mean order, and won for her the intimacy of such giants of *belles lettres* as Tennyson, Dickens, Lowell, and the Brownings, to mention only a few names. According to Dickens she was the very best actress he "ever saw off the stage, and immeasurably better than a great many I have seen on it." The greater portion of this autobiography is given up to the brightly-written reminiscences of her frequent visits to the Continent, where she was no less popular in society circles than in her own country. It is a volume which discourses about nothing in particular, but which at all events contains a charming repertoire of literary and social small talk, and belongs to that class of book which leaves behind it a pleasant and fragrant impression on the reader's mind.



A PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., 1834.

"In 1834—about two years after the novelist's death—a sketch in oils, on panel, was made at Abbotsford by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.; this is a small, richly-painted interior, in which Sir Walter, seen to the waist, is represented as seated at a table, upon which lie a sword and part of a suit of armour, together with writing materials and books. The head, slightly turned to the left, is beautifully finished, the excellence of the technique being enhanced by the sketchy character of the background and accessories. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874, and presented during that year to the National Portrait Gallery by Mr. Albert Grant."—F. G. Kitton in the *Magazine of Art*.

From the Collection of Augustin Rischgitz, London, W.

HANDBOOK TO THE TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Frederic G. Kenyon, Assistant Keeper of Manuscripts, British Museum. With sixteen Facsimiles. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

Mr. Kenyon's official position and previous publications have marked him out as likely to render eminent service to the cause of Textual Criticism. The present volume certainly entitles him to write D.S.O. after his name. What first strikes a reader is the ease and grace of its style. Description of writing materials, enumeration of manuscripts, argument regarding text, do not promise, or seem to afford opportunity for, conspicuously good writing. But Mr. Kenyon never fails to be lucid, careful, attractive. Necessarily he covers in large parts of his volume ground already surveyed and occupied by Scrivener, Nestle and Gregory; but even in the presentation of material which appears also in those standard authorities, it is enforced and enlivened by the life and colour which independent observation contributes. But Mr. Kenyon's volume gives us what has long been wanted, a full and clear statement and criticism of Dr. Hort's four families of text. He seems unwilling to commit himself to either of the contending parties in what Nestle has called "the burning question" of textual criticism, regarding the precise value of the Western text. Probably he is wise in this reserve. But that this text must receive ampler recognition than has yet been accorded to

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

MARCH, 1902.

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it seems indubitable. Mr. Kenyon has given us a thoroughly satisfactory and fair treatment of all the outstanding features of textual criticism. The only improvements which might be suggested are, that the facsimiles should not be reduced in scale, as they inevitably convey an erroneous idea to the young student; and that specimen variants should be more freely given, and the actual work of valuation illustrated.

THE CHURCHMAN'S INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Angus M. Mackay, B.A., Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Edinburgh. (Methuen and Co.)

To the Churchman's Library, edited by the Rev. John Henry Burn, Mr. Mackay has added an Introduction to the Old Testament for the use of the intelligent and enquiring layman. In it the reader will find the gains recently made by scientific criticism lucidly explained and reconciled with faith in revelation. He will also find the books of the Old Testament themselves analysed and their contents and teaching briefly set forth. Mr. Mackay modestly disclaims originality in his work, but he has done excellent service in thus mediating between the expert and the public.

The New Books of the Month.

JANUARY 15TH TO FEBRUARY 15TH, 1902.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

COLLIS, ARTHUR.—Some Problems of Religion and Morals, 1/- *Watts & Co.*

Emphasised Bible, The. Edited by Joseph Bryant Rotherham. Vol. I., Genesis—Ruth. 8/- net ..... *Allenson*
[Accuracy is one of the main aims in the design and arrangement of this Emphasised Bible. It is an entirely new translation, emphasised with the utmost care, giving to English readers the results of the laborious life-work of Dr. C. D. Ginsburg. An Expository Introduction, in four chapters, points out the scope and value of the undertaking.]

FORESTER, GEORGE.—The Faith of an Agnostic, 5/- ... *Watts & Co.*
[Essays on elementary Rationalism, written in a tolerant but unhesitating vein.]

FRANK, HENRY.—The Doom of Dogma, 7/6 ..... *Putnams*
[Mr. Frank gives, as additional title to his "Doom," "The Dawn of Truth." In this volume he presents a new interpretation of the Bible, constructed after much thought and research. The result of his studies is striking—such subjects as "The Crumbling Creed of Christendom," "The Defeat of Death," "The Revolt of Reason," "The Age of Calvin," indicating to some extent the trend of his writing.]

MITCHELL, H. G.—The World Before Abraham, 5/- net ... *Constable*

Officium Parvum Beatae Mariae Virginis, 1/- ..... *Art & Book Co.*
[The "Hours" in Latin and English, in handy form. A fresco, after Fra Angelico, in St. Mark's, Florence, forms a frontispiece.]

RAINY, ROBERT, D.D.—The Ancient Catholic Church, 12/- *T. & T. Clark*

SMITH, WILLIAM KERR, M.A.—Atonement and the Eucharist, 3/6 *Wells Gardner*

SPENCE, H. DONALD M., D.D.—Early Christianity and Paganism, 18/- net ..... *Cassell*

WINNINGTON-INGRAM, ARTHUR F., D.D., BP. OF LONDON.—"The Touch of Faith, 6d. ..... *Gardner, Darton*
[The sermon preached before the King and Queen at Sandringham last November, in which the Bishop pleads for a life of more limitless faith, and one more in constant touch with Christ.]

WITHROW, W. H., M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.—Religious Progress in the Century, 5s. net ..... *Chambers*

FICTION.

AMBER, MILES.—Wistons, 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*

ALWYN, R.—From Downs to Shires, 1/- ..... *Anthony Treherne*
[A sporting novel, of a well-mannered, harmless type, with good runs in it, and a big race won by the hero. A book in which bad luck comes, but does not stay, and all works towards the best and a happy ending.]

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Woman and Moses, 6/- ..... *Hurst & Blackett*

COBB, THOMAS.—Lady Gwendoline, 6/- ..... *Grant Richards*

COBBAN, J. MACLAREN.—The Green Turbans, 6/- ..... *John Long*

CROKER, B. M.—The Cat's-paw, 6/- ..... *Chatto*

CROMIE, ROBERT.—A New Messiah, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
[A book of marvels, horrors, thrills, excitements. A book in which one man appears to be "a company promoter, a company wrecker, and a financial swindler all round . . . one of the heads . . . of the most wanton murder society ever formed; a man of leisure, a man of honour, a man of education, a man of culture; a good father, and an implacable scoundrel; a philanthropist, a cut-throat, a faddist, a *farceur*, a millionaire, and a few other things." We would rather Mr. Cromie had given his book another title; we would rather, too, that he had not compared O'Mara's eyes with "the eyes of a carnivore robbed of its kill." But as a book of lurid scenes and wild sensations, this one will be hard to beat.]

CROMMELIN, MAY.—A Daughter of England, 6/- ..... *John Long*
[Miss Crommelin's novel will prove a delight to all who used to revel in the love-stories of Mrs. Hungerford. There is the same light treatment, and engaging manner of describing poverty in gentle families, the same heroine, beautiful and attractive, in shabby gowns, with love, and spite, and some pert dialogue. There is a real plot, too, and a voyage to Jamaica, the whole ending with a big surprise. This is a novel for the quick reader, who does not ask for perfection of language.]

ELIOT, ARTHUR.—Blighted Billets-Doux, 6d. ..... *Greening*
[Another "result" of "The Englishwoman's Love Letters." Thirty eight *billets*, in light parody, which would bore no one—not even the "Lover."]

EVANS, EVAN R.—The Lord of Corsygedol, 3/6 ... *The Griffon Press*
[A Welsh tale of romantic times. Stormings and massacres, courageous acts and lawlessness woven into narrative form go to show the state and ways of Wales and the Welsh in the sixteenth century, the notable period when England and Wales were brought together.]

FINNEMORE, JOHN.—The Lover Fugitives, 6/- ..... *Pearson*

FLETCHER, J. S.—Bonds of Steel, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*

GALEN, LUCAS.—Hospital Sketches, 1/- ..... *Grant Richards*
[True to life sketches of an out-patient day at a London hospital, revealing some of the humours and the trials of the situation. Clever and laughable picturings, which, in many cases, might have been made more of.]

GERARD, MORICE.—For England, 6/- ..... *Ward, Lock*
[Marcion Dacres "was a man of strong physique, black, intelligent eyes, curly black hair, and clean shaven. A sailor by instinct. . . . There was not an inch of coast of the English Channel, or of the North and Mediterranean seas Dacres had not visited. . . . Master of his subject, the First Lord had set him to evolve an elaborate scheme of coast defence, etc." Marcion Dacres worked hard, made elaborate plans and calculations, then told a beautiful woman—a foreigner—all about it, and had his papers stolen. Then the excitement began, and there was no doubt about it. A pretty ward of the hero makes an unexpectedly interesting heroine, and politics and love race along to an unconventional ending.]

GOODMAN, ERNEST J.—Christless Christendom, 2/- *A. H. Stockwell*
[A volume of the "Popular Stories Series," which deals with ritualism, Romanism, gambling, the deplorable ways of Society, and many another "existing condition," together with several startling incidents, in a hundred and forty pages; written with the best intentions.]

Henry Vaughan, 6/- ..... *Thomas Burleigh*
[A well-written, roomy story of life and happenings in Pembrokeshire, in autobiographical form. The writer tells of his career from his birth, through the tyranny of a step-mother, school-days, and early loves, to more serious things, and a satisfactory ending. There is an intimate touch about the writing which is very attractive.]

HINKSON, H. A.—Fan Fitzgerald, 6/- ..... *Chatto*

HOLMES, ELEANOR.—To-Day and To-Morrow, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*

HUME, FERGUS.—The Pagan's Cup, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*

KENEALY, ARABELLA.—The Love of Richard Herrick, 6/- *Hutchinson*

KENNEDY, BART.—A Sailor Tramp, 6/- ..... *Grant Richards*

KENNEDY, R. M.—The Woman He Chose, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
[The woman he chose was blind, and he married her in the very teeth, so to speak, of all his relatives. There are mistakes and misunderstandings enough to satisfy the lovers of all real love-stories, and the chronicling of them is sympathetic and natural. "The Light Breaks" in the last chapter; but we are not asked to believe that the "woman he chose" gained her eyesight as well as her happiness; the author knows better.]

KNIGHT, ALFRED E.—Under Cloister Stones, 3/6 *Hurst & Blackett*

LAFFAN, MRS. DE COURCY (MRS. LEITH-ADAMS).—What Hector Had to Say, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
[Hector was a dog, and what he had to say was concerned with humans and their loves and sorrows. A dog, of course, has great opportunities for watching his owners, and generally great powers of thought. At any rate Hector had; and, as a well-advised novelist should, he marries off his favourite in the last chapter. Four other stories in Mrs. Laffan's popular style go to fill the book.]

LEE, ALBERT.—King Stork of the Netherlands, 6/- ..... *Jarrold*

LINDSAY, HARRY.—Judah Pycroft, Puritan, 6/- ..... *Chatto*

LODGE, MRS.—The Rector's Temptation, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*

LONDON, JACK.—The God of His Fathers, 6/- ..... *Isbister*

MCCALL, SIDNEY.—Truth Dexter, 6/- ..... *Pearson*

MACDONELL, ANNE.—The Story of Teresa, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

MACHRAY, ROBERT.—A Blow Over the Heart, 6/- ..... *Chatto*
[A story which is to be read as fiction, but which is not all fiction, the author declares. It is the story of a real, live adventuress who often wanted money, and who, to obtain it, persuaded her lover, a man in high position in the Foreign Office, to confide to her saleable information. There is much detective work in the book; and M. Didier, of the French Secret Service, held such a high opinion of the detective powers of the adventuress that when she, on a first visit, said she must have a million francs instead of a quarter of a million, he exclaimed, "What a woman! what a brain!" The talented lady then proceeded to involve and wreck for some time the official character of a Government clerk, and jeopardise the happiness of the pretty

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typist whom he loved. The tale is sensational, but carefully manipulated.]

MACMANUS, SEUMAS.—Donegal Fairy Stories. Illustrated. 5/- *Isbister*

[A collection of old tales of giants and magic animals and "little people." They are racy and sometimes thrilling, and well worth preserving in readable form.]

MEE, HUAN.—The Jewel of Death, 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*

[The Jewel of Death was an enormous emerald "older than the world; it came from an unknown sphere, and one of the great Spaniards with Pizarro found it in a city which now has vanished." Besides the blood-curdling, silent effect of the wearing of the jewel, the tale is one of keen interest; its setting is chiefly Spanish-American, and in it a plucky young Englishman takes an oath, defies a bully, enters the lists against a cunning coward, loses his memory for fifteen years, and after many vicissitudes keeps his oath to the letter, and comes back to Santa Teresa with the best of wives, and half a Lowther Arcade full of toys for his old friends.]

MITFORD, C. GUISE.—His Dainty Whim, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*

MORRIS, E. O'CONNOR.—Clare Nugent, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*

[Wholesome, brightly written, and Irish. The heroine is beautiful and distressed; the hero not particularly amiable to the general public, but a beautiful man when in love. The author will do well to avoid apostrophisings, such as the following:—"Alas! alas! that random shaft might perhaps have been not so very far outside the white. Well for Clare that Mrs. Power had as yet no grounds for the idle remark she had hazarded merely as an ill-natured jest." There is observation in the book—shrewder, perhaps, than it is gentle; but "Clare Nugent" is readable, and does not weary.]

MOWBRAY, J. P.—The Making of a Country Home, 6/- net *Constable*

[Mr. Mowbray's hero, a young business man, flinched, when he was a year short of thirty, at the mental sight of himself in the future—of "twenty years more of getting on the car at seven in the morning, and climbing back at five in the evening"; and he went home and let loose his mood on his wife. His wife had silently flinched some time before, but had, of course, kept that fact to herself. So together they built castles in the air, and later on made a real country home; and the delights and the drawbacks and the experiences and results are told in the absorbing manner Mr. Mowbray had prepared us for when he gave us his last volume, "A Journey to Nature."]

PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—The Insane Root, 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*

QUILLER COUCH, A. T.—The Westcotes, 6/- ..... *Arrowsmith*

Reminiscences of Sir Barrington Beaumont, Bart. The, 6/- *Grant Richards*

[A pleasant book. A kind of undated chronicle, with much dialogue to lighten it, and some well-known names introduced to give it a touch of verity. Life in Paris and London is drawn with vivid strokes, and political and social life towards the end of the eighteenth century is pourtrayed.]

ROSEGGER, PETER.—The God Seeker. Authorised Translation. By Frances E. Skinner. 6/- ..... *Putnams*

RUSSELL, GEORGE HANSBY.—On Commando, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*

[A brisk tale of the Boer war, replete with fights, adventures, and treachery. An Irishman provides the humour, as well as much of the blood-shedding; and an English girl assists in providing the "love-interest." We leave them on board the *Dunottar Castle* last April twelvemonths, with a fine record at their backs, and hints of a V.C. before one, at least, of them.]

SILBERRAD, U. L.—Princess Puck, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*

SKIRVING, R. SCOT.—Love and Longitude *The Australian Book Co.*

[A seafaring tale of an adventurous voyage in the Pacific, containing a little mild love and a good deal of nautical phrasing. The author is better as sailor than lover.]

SUTRO, ALFRED.—Women in Love, 6/- ..... *George Allen*

SWIFT, BENJAMIN.—Sordon, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

SYRETT, NETTA.—Rosanne, 6/- ..... *Hurst & Blackett*

WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—Scoundrel or Saint? 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*

[There are striking situations in Miss Gertrude Warden's latest romance, not the least of these being that of a father who masquerades as his own son (supposed to be long since dead) in order to escape trouble and acquire fortune, and finds himself confronted by the real claimant, a charming, loveable young man, who doubts his own identity rather than that of the imposter. The plot is worked out in a sensational manner; the hero is one to catch the hearts of all readers at the circulating library; and the answer to the question in the title is "Neither."]

WESTALL, WILLIAM.—The Old Bank, 6/- ..... *Chatto*

WESTCOTT, EDWARD NOYES.—The Teller, 3/6 net

[The dead author of *David Harum* put strong and simple work into this slight but finished story. To it are now added his "Letters," edited by Margaret Westcott Muzzey, and a short biography by Forbes Heermans.]

WHITE, FRED M.—Tregarthen's Wife, 6/- ..... *Newnes*

ZOLA, EMILE.—A Dead Woman's Wish. Translated by Count C. S. De Soissons. 3/6 ..... *Greening*

[A long story, and a few short Parisian sketches. A portrait of the author, as unusual as the stories (reproduced from the *Critic*), forms a frontispiece.]

ZOLA, EMILE.—His Masterpiece. Edited, with an Introduction, by Ernest A. Vizetelly. 3/6 ..... *Chatto*

[The English translation of M. Zola's "L'Œuvre," which treats of artist life in Paris towards the end of the Second Empire, and is to a very great extent autobiographical.]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BRIDGES, ROBERT.—Poetical Works. Vol. IV. 6/- *Smith, Elder*

Carpet Plays. Edited by Lucian Oldershaw. 6d. net *Brimley Johnson*

[Half a dozen little paper volumes containing excellent, artistic little plays by well-known writers—Rosina Filippi, Elise Cooper, S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald, Lucy Whitehead, and M. F. Hutchinson—occupying from a quarter of an hour to two hours. The plays are well adapted for acting in the home, the school, or in lecture halls; full stage directions are given, and sympathetic and pertinent hints as to costume.]

DABNEY, J. P.—The Musical Basis of Verse, 6/6 net ..... *Longmans*

[This appears to be the book which young poets (we mention no others) have been waiting for. It is primarily a scientific study of the principles of poetry; but it is also an extremely interesting—almost an inspiring—book; revealing new beauties in poetry, and showing in what they chiefly lie. Melody, metric forms, music and verse, beauty and power are treated of, as well as all the arts of sound.]

Era Almanack and Annual, The. 1902. Conducted by Edward Ledger. 1/- ..... 49, *Wellington Street, Strand*

[Full of theatrical items and information, and incidents told by professionals themselves.]

Florilegium Latinum. Victorian Poets. Edited by Francis St. John Thackeray, M.A., F.S.A., and Edward Daniel Stone, M.A. Vol. II. 7/6 net ..... *John Lane*

HAMILTON-KING, HARRIET ELEANOR.—The Hours of the Passion, and Other Poems, 5/- net ..... *Grant Richards*

HAY, AGNES GRANT.—Ober-Ammergau, and its Great Passion Drama of 1900, 2/- net ..... *Elliot Stock*

[An impressive account and description of the Passion Play, preceded by a chapter descriptive of the celebrated village in the Bavarian Tyrol, the performers, and the writer of the play. A very complete, convenient handbook on Ober-Ammergau, written with taste and skill.]

HUFFORD, LOIS GROSVENOR.—Shakespeare in Tale and Verse, 4/6 net ..... *Macmillan*

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